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President Lincoln and his son Thaddeus.

LINCOLN IN STORY

*The Life of the Martyr-President
told in Authenticated Anecdotes*

EDITED BY
SILAS G. PRATT



ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1901

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DEDICATED TO
WILLIAM CHILDS, JR.,
OF BASKING RIDGE,
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INTRODUCTION

WHEN a boy, the writer listened to the sturdy eloquence of Lincoln. He was in the old "Wigwam" at Chicago when Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, and witnessed the frantic demonstration of enthusiasm when the rails he had split were produced in the convention. Later he saw Lincoln's face, in the silence and calmness of lasting repose, after the assassin had accomplished his death. These small personal associations have strengthened the writer's feeling that the greater the intimacy with Lincoln's life which one can gain, the stronger, better, and more humane one may become.

The memories of such a pure, unselfish, and honest character will form a shield for the individual and a bulwark for a nation.

Nearly every Life of the Martyr President, or Book of Recollections, so far published, has contained some anecdotes which have given us an occasional glimpse into the realms of his great soul—a rare gem, disclosing the prismatic colors of a cosmic nature—but no volume has been devoted exclusively to narratives.

▼

The great interest shown, especially by the younger generation, in the fugitive Lincoln stories which have appeared in various magazines and journals from time to time, no less than the writer's personal enjoyment of those found scattered through the larger works, as well as the hope of inspiring additional interest in the study of his more complete history, has been the incentive of this compilation.

It is also a pleasure to record the statements of the artist B. F. Carpenter, who for six months lived at the White House with Lincoln; the Hon. William H. Seward, his Secretary of State; and the Rev. Mr. Bristow, of New York, that they never heard the President tell any anecdote which could not have been repeated with propriety in the presence of ladies, thus indicating that the habits acquired "on the circuit" in Illinois had been outgrown in the more serious and lofty ideals of the statesman.

While these stories do not offer a complete life history, they are presented in chronological order, as far as possible, and the salient points of Lincoln's life are briefly mentioned, thus forming a warp upon which the various anecdotes are woven. The book, therefore, offers a biography in story form which it is hoped will prove of interest to older as well as younger readers, and of value to private and public libraries as well as to school li-

baries and reading circles, since I believe there has been no such consecutive presentation of Lincoln's life through the medium of anecdotes.

Many stories are quoted as told by individuals, and frequently, the forms of speech, quaint and full of "local color," are less elegant, perhaps, than true.

It has seemed to the writer, in compiling these narratives, that a new estimate of Lincoln's character was brought out; that the stature of goodness was increased far beyond that of even our great men; that the humanity, tenderness, love of mankind, willingness to help, and joy in making others happy, was indeed godlike; added to this, the spirit of toleration and forbearance exercised toward his enemies, and we realize the truthfulness of John Hay's estimate in a letter to Mr. Herndon:

"I consider Lincoln's republicanism incarnate, with all its faults and virtues. As, in spite of some rudeness, republicanism is the sole hope of a sick world, so Lincoln, with all his foibles, is the greatest character since Christ."

The stories have been gleaned from various sources: notably from that excellent book *Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life*, by William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, and also *Carpenter's Recollections*, *Chittenden's Recollections of Lincoln's Administration*, *Wallace's*,

Rice's, Arnold's, Lamon's, and Whitney's books, and a few signed articles in newspapers and journals, such as the New York World and Home Journal, but no anecdote is given which has not been carefully verified.

If this little volume gives to the reader but a tithe of the pleasure it has brought the writer in his labor of compilation, and if it should awaken a new interest in the rugged life of the "greatest character since Christ," it will serve the purpose for which it was written.

S. G. PRATT.

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with the late William H. Herndon of "Abraham Lincoln, the
True Story of a Great Life," for the use of certain illustrations.

LINCOLN IN STORY

FIRST PERIOD: CHILDHOOD

(1809-1816)

CHAPTER I

"God bless my mother! All I am, or all I hope to be, I owe to her."—LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky, in a little log house such as all the pioneers of the Western States built for themselves; with no flooring but the earth, no paper to cover the logs, and with but the most primitive furniture, such as they themselves could make, the place formed less a residence for comfort than a refuge against the storms of rain in summer and snow and frost in winter. They lived in the open air, in the forest or the field; the log house was simply a place to sleep in, secure from the attacks of wild animals or venomous reptiles.

Here it was that Abraham Lincoln, who was soon nicknamed "Abe," passed the first seven years of his life.

It was here that his mother, impressed with the great importance of an education for her boy, taught him to read and write, there being no school in that thinly settled region. She instilled into his budding mind that intense desire for knowledge and zeal for study which characterized and influenced him throughout his entire life; and if the poverty which burdened them and the hardships they endured claim our sympathies, the outdoor life, the work in the field, or chopping wood, the hunting, fishing, planting, and harvesting, conduced to a strong and vigorous physical growth which was in some measure a compensation. It was this life, with its freedom and the continual and forced intimacy with a new and uncultivated country, as well as the struggle for existence, which made little "Abe" such a perfect child of nature.

It is well to remember that the devotion, affectionate and thoughtful spirit, that guarded the childhood days of little "Abe" lent a halo of glory to the humble home, and clothed the rude life with a charm which left an undying impression upon the boy. It grew stronger as he reached manhood, and this mother-love, so full of "the milk of human kindness," blossomed out and found its full fruitage in the emancipation of a race and the glorification of a nation.

When "Abe" was seven years of age his

parents moved from Kentucky to Indiana in a "Hoosier" wagon drawn by two horses. There being no railroads in those days, the emigration to the Western States was accomplished chiefly in covered wagons which took on the name "Hoosier" for the reason that they originated in Indiana, the "Hoosier" State. These vehicles were usually constructed from the long box farm-wagon used for carrying grain; along the sides of the wagon box long hoops were fastened and bent; over these, canvas or other cloth was spread and fastened tight at the sides, thus forming a sort of rounded-top tent. Into this kind of tented conveyance the Lincoln family placed their effects, sleeping at night in the wagon and taking refuge in it from the heat of the sun or rain-storms. It was a common sight, even as late as 1860, to see on nearly every road leading westward, long lines of these tented "Hoosier" wagons moving over hill, through forest, fording streams, or threading across prairies following the "Star of Empire" to the Mississippi River, and beyond to the Rocky Mountains and California.

Little "Abe" no doubt enjoyed this moving life, and found delight in driving the horses and seeing the new country.

During these first seven years the boy not only learned to work and was inured to hardships; he had also amusements of a rough but healthy sort.

He played with a favorite hunting dog, chased butterflies in summer, built little mud dams across the brooks, and sometimes accompanied his father on the hunt.

The voices of nature were continually whispering in his ears. The weird song of the forest, the trees swaying in the breeze or bending in the storm, the wild moaning of the cold winter wind, the silent fall of the snow for days, when they were shut in from the world, exercised an awe-inspiring influence on the mind of the wondering boy, and produced a feeling of reverence for the unseen hand which caused them.

Little "Abe" returned his mother's affection, was always willing to do any work required, and, responding to the magical influence of gentleness and love, learned thus early to do his duty courageously and honestly, regardless of personal comfort or pain.

In spite of their great poverty and rude home, little "Abe" flourished, grew strong and full of exuberant boyish spirit. His habit of going barefooted a good portion of the year no doubt contributed something to his health, and thus we may think of his childhood as having been spent happily as well as usefully.

SECOND PERIOD: BOYHOOD (1816-1819)

CHAPTER II

The boy at school—Kate Roby and the spelling class—Night studies by the log fire—Studying on a rail fence.

THE Lincoln family settled on Pigeon Creek, Indiana, in the spring of 1816, the father building a log hut open on one side and without a floor. The nearest village where there was a post-office or store was Gentryville. Two years after they located there, a terrible disease, called the "milk-sick," caused the death of many people as well as cattle and calves. Abraham's mother died of that disease, as did also an uncle and aunt who lived near by (1818). About a year after his mother's death his father married again, and brought home a very kind-hearted and good woman who did all she could to make little "Abe's" life happy and useful. She soon became very fond of him, and, many years after, when he had become a famous man, she said "he was the best and most obedient boy she ever knew." It was this good stepmother

who influenced the father to let Abraham attend school, which he did for a few weeks during the winter of 1819. But he studied at home as well as at school, and soon became the best speller in the class.

The next winter he also had a few weeks at school; but altogether he had in his whole life not more than four months at school. However, he was so eager to learn, and studied and read so industriously every minute he could find time, that he finally became one of the wisest and most renowned men of his age.

During the short time he attended school a little incident occurred which showed Lincoln's kindly disposition to help others, even at the early age of ten.

One day in the spelling class the teacher, a Mr. Crawford, gave out the word "defied."

The first one spelled it d-e-f-y-e-d; the second also made a mistake, and then it came the turn of Kate Roby, a little girl who was standing, opposite to Lincoln, in the line on the other side of the schoolroom.

She began d-e-f-, and was just about to say "y" when she glanced at Lincoln, who had been closely watching her. He had on a broad grin and pointed with one hand to his eye; the little girl quickly guessed his meaning and spelled it correctly with an "i."

It was while going to this school that he composed many verses and rhymes. One of these rhymes was as follows:

“Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by.”

Our beloved poet Longfellow must have thought of men like Lincoln when he wrote this verse:

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

His Night Studies by the Log Fire

“Diligence is genius.”—BACH.

“Three fourths of genius is hard work.”—ROBERT COLLYER.

While living at Gentryville Abraham's father built another log house, enclosed on all sides, but they were so very poor they could not afford to have candles at night. However, they had a big fireplace, which was built of bricks, at one end of the log house, and Abraham soon found a way to make a light by which he could read and study.

He used to go out and get some logs of dry wood and pile them on the fire; then they would blaze up brightly and shed a strong light over the room. Abraham would then lie down flat on the floor, with his book in front of him,

before the hearth, and thus resting on his stomach, his head upon his hand, he would read and study.

In this way he read many times over the life of Washington, the Bible, Æsop's Fables, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

It was before the log fire, night after night, that Lincoln in this manner studied his arithmetic, writing his sums with a piece of charcoal upon a large wooden shovel they happened to have in the house at the time. After covering it all over with examples, he would take his jack-knife or a plane and shave it off clean, ready for the next night's work.

Paper at that time was very expensive, and a slate cost more than they could afford to pay, so Abraham used the wooden shovel for a slate, and for pencil (which they also could not buy), he used a piece of charcoal picked up from the fireplace. Thus, in spite of poverty, he succeeded in studying, and made rapid progress.

Sometimes, when the shovel was not to be had, he wrote his figures on the logs along the sides of the house, on the door-posts, and any wood-work where his charcoal could be used.

Thus his determination to learn and "be somebody" overcame the greatest difficulties—obstacles which few boys would have tried to overcome. This sublime will "to do things," and help

others, attracted the attention of the neighbors, and, despite his shabby clothes, he was greatly respected.

John Hanks, who afterward worked with him in splitting rails, tells us something of the secret of Lincoln's education. He said: "When Abe and I returned from work, he would get a piece of corn bread, take a book, and sit down to read even while eating; when he had a chance, in the field or at home, he would stop and read, always having some useful book with him." This was when Abraham was fourteen years of age.

Lincoln's Eagerness to Learn—Studying on a Rail Fence

Captain John Lamar, who was a very small boy in one of the families where Lincoln was well known, frequently repeated the following anecdote about little "Abe" during this period of his life:

"I was very fond of riding with my father to mill. One very hot day as we drove along the dusty road we saw a boy sitting on the top rail of an old-fashioned rail fence. When we came closer we saw that the boy was reading, and had not noticed our approach.

"My father turned to me and said: 'John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words, he will make a smart man out of himself some day.

I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true! ' "

That boy was Abraham Lincoln. This picture of the little boy, sitting on the top of a rail fence, so busy with his reading that he did not even notice the farmer with his wagon and horses as they passed, shows that Lincoln had made the whole world his schoolroom, and there was no place that he did not find some chance to study and improve his mind.

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen.
he will be good but
god knows when

LINES WRITTEN BY LINCOLN ON THE LEAF OF HIS SCHOOL-BOOK
IN HIS FOURTEENTH YEAR.

Preserved by his Step-mother.

Original in possession of J. W. Weik.

THIRD PERIOD: YOUTH

(1820-1827)

CHAPTER III

Lincoln's high sense of honor—He would not permit his sister to deceive her mother—Is nearly killed at the mill—Captain Larkins's fast horse.

WHILE still living near Gentryville, one morning when Lincoln was going to work in the woods, with his ax over his shoulder, his stepsister, Matilda Johnson, who had been forbidden by her mother to follow him, slyly, and unknown to her mother, crept out of the house and ran after him. Lincoln was already quite a long distance from the house, among the trees, following a deer path, and whistling as he walked along.

He, of course, did not know the girl was coming after him, and Matilda ran so softly that she made no noise to attract his attention. When she came close up behind him she made a quick spring and jumped upon his shoulders, holding on with both hands and pressing her knees into his back, thus pulling him quickly down to the ground. In falling, the sharp ax which Lincoln was carrying

fell also and cut her ankle very badly; as the blood ran out the mischievous Matilda screamed with pain; Lincoln at once tore off some cloth to stop the blood from flowing and bound up the wound as well as he could. Then taking a long breath, he said:

"'Tilda, I am astonished! How could you disobey mother so?"

'Tilda only cried in reply, and Lincoln continued: "What are you going to tell mother about getting hurt?"

"Tell her I did it with the ax," she sobbed. "That will be the truth, won't it?" To which Lincoln replied manfully:

"Yes, that's the truth; but it's not *all* the truth. You tell the whole truth, 'Tilda, and trust your good mother for the rest."

So 'Tilda went limping home and told her mother all the truth; and the good woman felt so sorry for her that she did not even scold her.

Lincoln goes to Mill and is nearly killed by his Horse

Mr. Herndon,* in his life of Lincoln, gives the following account of an accident that came very

* Abraham Lincoln : The True Story of a Great Life. By William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik. New and revised edition, with an introduction by Horace White. In two volumes. Illustrated, 12mo. Cloth, \$3. D. Appleton and Company, publishers.

near rendering this book an impossibility. He says:

“In later years Mr. Lincoln related the following reminiscence of his experience as a miller in Indiana: One day, taking a bag of corn, he mounted the old flea-bitten gray mare and rode leisurely to Gordon’s Mill. Arriving somewhat late, his turn did not come till almost sundown. In accordance with the prevailing custom he hitched the old mare to the arm, and mounting it, commenced whipping and urging the animal on to the work. Exclaiming, ‘Get up, you old hussy!’ he applied the lash with each turn of the arm. The old horse, finally resenting his frequent goadings, suddenly interrupted him in the midst of his exclamation, just as he had cried out ‘Get up, you——’ with a well-directed kick, which struck him on the forehead and instantly knocked him senseless. The miller rushed in, and picking up the unconscious and bleeding boy, whom he thought dead, sent for his father. Old Thomas Lincoln finally came and loaded the lifeless boy in a wagon and drove home. Abe lay unconscious all night, but at break of day his attendants noticed signs of returning life; the blood began to flow normally, his tongue struggled to loosen itself, his frame jerked for an instant, and he awoke, blurt-ing out the words ‘You old hussy!’ the latter half of the sentence interrupted by the mare’s kick.”

Mr. Lincoln considered this one of the remarkable incidents of his life.

In speaking of it (as he often did) years afterward, he explained the incident thus: "Just before I struck the old mare, my will, through the mind, had set the muscles of my tongue to utter the expression, and when her heels came in contact with my head, the whole thing stopped half-cocked, as it were, and was only fired off when mental energy or force returned."

Captain Larkins's Fast Horse and Lincoln's Humor

In the town, not far from where Lincoln lived, was a short, fat man called Captain Larkins. He was very fond of boasting. If he bought a pair of boots, he would say, "They're the finest pair of boots in the town"; if he got a new wagon, "It is the best wagon in the settlement"; when he bought a new harness for his horse, "It is the strongest and best-made harness in the place." By his loud talk and proud manner he made many people think he was a great man. But Lincoln did not like his bragging ways at all. Once when there was a holiday, and many farmers were gathered at the store in the village, Captain Larkins began to boast about his horse, telling the crowd that he had "the best and fastest horse in the town." This he repeated several times, and stepping up to Lincoln, shouted out in a loud voice

so that all might hear it, "I have the best horse in the country. I ran him three miles in nine minutes and he never fetched a long breath."

Lincoln, then a tall young man, six feet high, looked down at the fat little man, and said: "Well, Larkins, why don't you tell us how many *short* breaths he drew!"

This raised a loud laugh, and Captain Larkins got angry and declared he'd fight "Abe" if he wasn't so big. He jumped around and made such a fuss that finally Lincoln quietly said, "Now, Larkins, if you don't keep still I'll throw you in that water."

CHAPTER IV

Lincoln's great strength and how he earned his first dollar, as told by himself—He saves a man from freezing to death—Attacked by negroes on the Mississippi River.

WHEN Lincoln was seventeen years of age he had already attained his full growth, and was very tall. He hired out to a Mr. Gentry to help him with a ferry across the Ohio River, receiving thirty-seven cents a day for his labor. While thus working he wrote an essay on the American Government which attracted much attention at that time, and an article on temperance which was published in an Ohio paper.

"Abe" was a very strong boy. It is said he could carry six hundred pounds at a time, and on one occasion he walked away with a pair of logs which three robust men could not handle. "He could strike with a maul a heavier blow, could sink the ax deeper into the wood, than any man I ever saw," said a gentleman who knew him at that time.

It was while employed at the ferry, or during the time when he worked there (1827), that the

following incident occurred, which Mr. Lincoln thought enough of to relate to the members of his Cabinet many years afterward, while he was the President of the United States.*

They were in the President's room at the White House, and talking over old times, when Lincoln said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Mr. Seward. "I never heard anything about it."

"Well," he said, "I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs.' People who do not own slave or land are nobody there; but we had raised, chiefly by my own labor, enough produce [corn, wheat, turnips, pumpkins, eggs, and chickens], as I thought, to pay taking it down the river to sell it. After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and had built a flat-boat large enough to take a few barrels of things we had gathered to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river that morning. As we had no docks in those days along the river, passengers or freight for steamboats had to be taken out in little flatboats.

"That morning I went down to the river to

* Selected from Carpenter's Recollections, published by permission of The Independent.

look over my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or better, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, picked out mine and asked, 'Who owns this boat?' I answered modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and the trunks out to the steamer?'

" 'Certainly,' said I. I was glad to have the chance of earning something, and thought each of them might give me a couple of 'bits' [a "bit" was twelve and a half cents]. The trunks were put on my boat, the men seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer.

"They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each, then, took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it in the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it a very little thing in these days, and it seems to me now like a trifle, but it was an important incident in my life. I could hardly think that the poor boy had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a hopeful boy from that time."

A Poor Man saved from Death

In this same year (1827), one very cold night in the winter, Lincoln and a friend were going home from Gentryville, where they had been during the day, when they found an acquaintance lying on the ground. He appeared to be asleep; they could not awaken him, and he could not walk. He was as helpless as a babe, having been drinking so much that he was "dead drunk."

Lincoln said to his companion, "Let's carry him to Hank's cabin; he'll freeze to death if we leave him here."

But his friend refused to help him, and so Lincoln alone finally lifted him to his shoulder and carried him a long distance, nearly a mile, to the first house on the road. Here he warmed him and brought him back to consciousness.

The poor man often said, "Abe Lincoln's strength and kindness saved my life."

In March, 1828, Mr. Gentry, who had employed Lincoln at his ferry, fitted out a boat with grain and meat for New Orleans. His son Allen was in charge, and "Abe" was hired to go along as "bow" hand, his wages being eight dollars per month. This was a great event in his life at that time. He had a chance to see something of the world.

Attacked by Negroes on the Mississippi

On their way to New Orleans in their raft, Lincoln and his companion floated down the Ohio River, entering the Mississippi at Cairo. They guided their little craft during the day, keeping clear of sand-banks or sunken trees whose stumps and roots sometimes stood up menacingly above the rushing waters.

The days usually passed quietly, almost dreamily, as they glided swiftly down-stream, passing forests, villages, farmhouses, and "nodding sawyers," with now and then a steamer which would create little billows that rocked them gently up and down.

At night they would tie up at some landing or convenient tree. It was so warm they could sleep without coverings.

One exceedingly dark night, after they had passed Natchez, they tied up at an obscure landing-place, with no habitation in sight. It was just such a place as robbers might choose for way-laying their victims.

The clearing was covered with a growth of very tall grass, with a thick forest a little distance away, and any one approaching the bank was completely hidden from view until it was reached.

Lincoln and his young friend were lying down,

but were not yet asleep, when a stir in the grass at a little distance broke the silence of the night.

"Listen!" whispered Lincoln, leaning forward on his elbow, and at the same time reaching out for a big club near him.

"Somebody's coming!" softly answered his companion, at the same time bending forward and peering into the darkness. There was but a moment of suspense, when several negroes sprang upon the raft.

"Strike, Allen!" cried Lincoln, as he jumped to his feet and knocked the first one senseless. Then blow after blow followed quickly, with yells of pain, as one after another of their assailants were hit.

"It's life or death," shouted Lincoln to his companion. But Allen Gentry needed no urging; he had been fighting with all his might, desperation and fear lending unusual power to his arms. The negroes, evidently taken by surprise by the vigorous defense, and suffering from the punishment received, quickly ran off howling with pain.

"They will be coming back soon with more of their fellows," said Lincoln.

"Yes," answered Allen, "and probably armed this time."

"We'd better get away quick, for they'll make mince-meat of us in revenge for the licking we gave them," said Lincoln.

So saying, both sprang ashore and loosened the raft, pushing off into the stream and getting as far away from the bank as possible.

They were apprehensive lest their would-be robbers, smarting from defeat, would collect more men and follow them down-stream. After a couple of hours, as they heard nothing of their assailants, they tied up again, but this time on the opposite bank.

Meanwhile the boys talked over their encounter, Allen Gentry asserting that Lincoln's tremendous strength and rapidly delivered blows had probably saved their lives.

FOURTH PERIOD: MANHOOD

(1830-1836)

DEEDS OF STRENGTH, BRAVERY, AND KINDNESS

CHAPTER V

Lincoln rescues the pet dog—Builds a log house—Splits rails
—Again goes to New Orleans—Returns to New Salem
—Clerk for Mr. Offut—Helps to save three men from
drowning.

IN March, 1830, the family moved from Indiana to Illinois. Abraham was just past twenty-one years of age, and a great tall man. The journey was long and tedious, heavy rain and swollen streams rendering their progress very slow. They had, in front of their covered wagon, a team of eight oxen which Abraham drove, and a pet dog went along, trotting under the wagon much of the time.

One day the little fellow fell behind, and failed to catch up till after they had crossed quite a large stream. Then missing him, they looked back, and there, on the opposite bank, he stood,

whining and jumping about in great distress. The water was quite high and running over broken edges of the ice, for it was yet early in the spring, and the dog was afraid to cross. It would not pay to turn back and ford the stream again, with all those oxen and the wagon, just to please the dog; and so anxiety to hurry along decided them to go on and leave the animal to his fate.

But Lincoln could not endure the idea of leaving the little fellow behind. So he pulled off his boots and socks, rolled up his trousers, and waded across the river, the cold water making his feet and legs ache terribly. When he got across, the dog jumped up into his face, licking it all over.

Lincoln took the little fellow up, put him under one arm, and carried him over the stream in triumph. The dog's frantic leaps of joy, and other signs of gratitude, well repaid his rescuer for the cold wetting and pain he had suffered; when they got across the stream Lincoln put on his socks and boots again, and the little dog ran along by his side, barking his thanks and leaping up now and then to lick his hand.

*Abraham builds a Log House—Begins work for
Himself*

Upon arriving in Illinois the family settled in Mason County, five miles northwest of the town

of Decatur, on a bluff overlooking the Sangamon River. The first months were spent in building a log house, clearing a field, planting it, and splitting rails to fence in the place. Almost all of this work was done by Abraham, his father doing very little. Being now of age, Abraham (who hereafter we shall speak of as Mr. Lincoln) sought work for himself.

He split three thousand rails for one man alone, walking three miles every day to his work.

In March of the next year, Lincoln, John Hanks, and John Johnson hired out to a Mr. Denton Offut to make a boat and take it down the river to New Orleans. Finishing the boat in four weeks, they loaded it with pork in barrels, corn, and hogs, and reached a point opposite New Salem, April 19th, where the boat struck on Rutledge's mill-dam.

Here it hung helplessly a day and night, when finally Lincoln's ingenuity got it over successfully, and they floated down to the Illinois River, thence into the Mississippi, and so reached New Orleans. It was here that Lincoln for the second time witnessed the horrors of slavery, being present at an auction sale in which colored girls were sold like cattle. He was so disgusted and indignant with the spectacle that he then took a vow to work with all his might against it.

He now returned to his father's new home in

Coles County, Illinois, and accepted a challenge from a famous wrestler, Daniel Needham, going to Wabash Point, where the contest took place. Lincoln came off the victor, throwing his man twice, and thus proving his superiority as an athlete by exhibiting powers of strength and endurance of which he was always proud.

Returning to New Salem, he took any work which offered, became clerk of an election board, and made a great many friends by telling funny stories. Finally, Mr. Denton Offut hired him to take charge of his store.

It was during this time, in the spring of 1831, before starting for New Orleans with his boat, that Lincoln played a prominent part in an affair that came very near ending in the death of three men. A Mr. John Roll, who lived in New Salem at the time, witnessed the incident, and frequently related it afterward.

Mr. John Roll's Narrative

An exciting adventure—Lincoln helps to save the lives of three men.

“It was in the spring after the deep snow, Walter Carman, John Seamon, and myself had helped ‘Abe’ in building the boat for Mr. Offut, and when he had finished, we went to work to make a ‘dugout’ or canoe to be used as a small boat with the flatboat. We found a good log quite a

ways up the river, and with our axes went to work under Lincoln's direction."

The river was very high and running swiftly. After the "dugout" was ready they took it to the edge of the water and made ready to push her off, when, as the boat struck the water, Carman and Seamon jumped into it, each in a spirit of fun, wanting to get the first ride. As they shot out from the shore they found they were unable to make headway against the strong current, and Lincoln shouted, "Head up the stream and work back to shore!"

But against the strong current they could do nothing. At last they began to pull for the wreck of an old flatboat which had sunk in the river a long time before, leaving a pole sticking out of the water. Just as they reached it Seamon made a grab and caught hold of the pole; but the canoe turned over, throwing Carman into the water, leaving the other man hanging to the pole. Quicker than it takes to tell, the swift current carried Carman down-stream.

Lincoln raised his voice above the roar of the water, and shouted: "Swim for the elm-tree down there! You can catch it! Don't get excited! Catch hold of a branch!"

The tree stood out in the stream, which by the flood had risen up to its branches, and Carman, being a good swimmer, caught a branch and

pulled himself up out of the water, which was very cold, and had almost chilled him to death. There he sat in the tree shivering and chattering like a monkey.

Lincoln, seeing that Carman was safe for the present, now called out to Seamon: "Let go the pole, and swim to the tree. You can't hang on there much longer, and if you do you'll be too weak to swim!"

Seamon didn't like to get into the cold water, but he knew Lincoln was right, and so he let go and dropped into the river. Lincoln called out: "That's right! Keep your breath! Don't worry; you'll get there all right! There now, look out! Catch the branch!" Just as he got to the tree he reached out for it, but missed.

Lincoln, and several who had gathered on the bank, held their breath in horror, for the man went under the water and they thought he would drown. But he came up again and made one more desperate effort, which was successful, and he soon climbed up into the tree beside Carman.

Things were getting exciting now, and nearly all the people in the village came running down to the place; the two men were in the tree, wet and freezing, surrounded by a raging stream, the boat lost.

Lincoln called out, "Keep up your spirits, boys, and we'll save you." And again: "Try and

keep your legs and arms moving as much as you can! Rub yourselves so as not to get cold!"

Lincoln now got a rope and tied it to a big log that lay near by. He called everybody to come and help roll it into the water, and after this was done, he, with the help of several others, towed it some distance up the stream.

A daring young fellow by the name of "Jim" Dorrell then took his seat on the log, and it was pushed out into the river.

Lincoln said: "Now, Jim, we'll let you float down to the tree, and then you are to hang on to the branches and let Carman and Seamon get on; then we'll draw you all ashore."

Lincoln directed the log so that it came to the tree just as was intended; but "Jim," in his haste to help his friends, fell a victim to his own good-will. Making a frantic grab at a branch, he raised himself foolishly off the log, which was at once swept from under him by the swift current, and he was soon perching in the tree with the other two men.

The excitement on shore rapidly increased; here were three men now to be saved instead of two.

Lincoln then pulled the log back up-stream, and, getting another piece of rope, called out to the men in the tree:

"Catch this if you can when I throw it to

you, for I am coming myself this time." He then took his seat on the log and said: "Now push it off as far as you can, and let the rope be loose until I reach the tree; then don't pull on it tight, but be ready to do as I tell you."

Lincoln soon reached the tree, and, keeping a cool head, he threw the rope over the end of a broken limb and caught the other end in his hands. Then he pulled the rope tight, and pretty soon had the log and himself up under the tree where the men were sitting.

"Now, carefully," said Lincoln, "one at a time. I'll hold the log steady, while you drop down on her."

The men were so cold and benumbed already that they could hardly move, but they soon managed to get on the log with Lincoln.

Then he called to those on shore: "Hold the rope tight now; we'll swing off, and the current will bring us pretty close to the bank." They shouted "All right!" and Lincoln let go the rope which was around the tree.

It proved exactly as he had said; the log, with all four men on it, floated over to the shore, and in a few minutes they were safe on land. The excited people, who had watched the brave act, now broke into loud cheers for "Abe" Lincoln; and he at once became a hero along the Sangamon River, where they never tired of telling the story.

FRONTIER EPISODES

CHAPTER VI

Lincoln and the "Clary's Grove boys"—He walks six miles to return six cents—Chops up a house for a barefooted man—The Black Hawk War—Lincoln elected captain—He saves the life of a friendly Indian.

AFTER Lincoln's return from New Orleans, and while he was still a clerk for Mr. Offut, an episode occurred which settled his standing in the community most effectually.

About five miles from New Salem was a little village called Clary's Grove. The young men in the place were known as the "Clary's Grove boys." They were a terror to the neighborhood, doing many reckless tricks "just for fun," but they were good-natured and friendly, not meaning really to do any one an injury.

They wanted everybody to know that the "Clary's Grove boys" were the smartest, the best runners, the best wrestlers, could jump higher, and throw farther than anybody else. Mr. Offut, Lincoln's employer, felt very proud of his clerk.

His strength, his cleverness in telling stories, and his superior knowledge Mr. Offut often boasted of. He said he knew Lincoln could lift more, run faster, out-throw, and out-wrestle the "Clary's Grove boys" or any one else in the county.

The "Clary's Grove boys" consequently felt it their duty to prove their superiority over Offut's clerk, and selected Jack Armstrong to "throw Abe." Armstrong "was as strong as an ox," and, they claimed, "the best man that ever lived."

Lincoln did not like to "tussle and scuffle," and "wooling and pulling" were also objectionable to him; but Mr. Offut had said so much that he felt in honor bound to accept the challenge.

So one fine day a wrestling match was arranged near Mr. Offut's store, and all the people for miles around came to see the fun. Almost everybody was betting that Armstrong would beat "the long, thin fellow, Abe Lincoln"; but as soon as they began to wrestle it was plain that, for once, the "Clary's Grove boy" had met his match.

The two men wrestled long and hard, but both kept their feet. Neither could throw the other, and Armstrong, finally getting angry at Lincoln's endurance, tried a "foul." Lincoln at once saw his game, and quick as a flash, and furious with indignation, he caught him by the

throat, held him out at arm's length, and shook him as a dog might shake a rat.

Armstrong's friends rushed forward to help him, although they knew he had done wrong, and for a minute it looked as though Lincoln would be overcome by force of numbers. But, facing the whole crowd, he backed toward the store and bravely defied them.

His resolute and courageous manner, as well as his great strength, won their admiration at once; and what bid fair to end in a general fight, turned finally into a friendly hand-shaking all around, even Jack Armstrong declaring that "Lincoln was the best fellow that ever came to that town." Armstrong afterward proved himself a true friend to Lincoln, welcoming him to his home and treating him with great hospitality and consideration.

*Lincoln's Honesty—He walks Six Miles to return
Six Cents*

One night after closing the store, when Lincoln was counting up the money he found he had six cents too much. After thinking it over a long time, he remembered how he had made the mistake in making change for a woman who had bought a lot of things of him that day. As soon as he locked up the store he started out to find this woman, determined to return the money

that night before going to bed. She lived three miles in the country; but it was a nice clear night, the stars were shining brightly, and Lincoln walked out to the farmhouse, gave the woman the money, explained the mistake, and returned home happy to think he had done what was right, though he had gone on foot six miles to do it.

At another time he weighed out a half pound of tea—at least he thought he did. It was at night, just before closing up the store, and the place was quite dark. The next morning, on entering the store, he found a four-ounce weight on the scales instead of the eight-ounce, which he thought he had used; so he knew he had given but half as much to his customer as he had taken pay for. He at once weighed out four ounces more, closed up the store, and hurried off to deliver the balance of the tea.

Lincoln "chops up" a House and gives Comfort to a Barefooted, Shivering Man

Mr. Lamon, in his *Life of Lincoln*, tells a good story illustrating his disposition to relieve suffering:

"While living in New Salem, one cold day in winter, Lincoln saw a poor fellow named Ab Trent hard at work 'chopping up' a house which Mr. Hill had employed him to convert into firewood.

"Ab was barefooted, and shivered pitifully while he worked.

"Lincoln watched him a few minutes and said:

" 'Ab, how much are you to get for this job?'

"Ab answered, 'I am to have a dollar,' and, pointing to his naked feet, added, 'I am going to buy a pair of shoes!'

" 'Let me have that ax,' said Lincoln. 'Now you go and get warm at the nearest fire, while I finish the job for you.'

"So saying, Lincoln seized the ax and chopped up the house so fast that Mr. Hill and Ab were amazed when they saw it done.

"Ab always remembered this act of kindness with the liveliest gratitude.

"He afterward tried to vote for Lincoln, though he belonged to the opposite party, but his acquaintances got him drunk and then made him vote against him."

How Lincoln was elected Captain—How he managed to get his Company "Endwise"

Mr. Offut's store was soon closed up, and again Lincoln was out of employment. About this time, when Lincoln was twenty-three years old, the Indians, under "Black Hawk," came back into the State of Illinois, and all the people living on farms and in small settlements fled in a panic to the forts and larger towns for protection. The

Governor of the State called for volunteers, and Lincoln, with a number of young men from New Salem, enlisted to fight the Indians.

There was a man in the company by the name of Kirkpatrick, who wanted to be captain. This man owed Lincoln two dollars for moving a lot of heavy logs, and when the election for captain occurred at Beardstown, Ill., Lincoln said to a friend (a Mr. William Greene), "Bill, I believe I can now pay Kirkpatrick for that two dollars he owes me for moving those big logs. I'll run against him for captain." The vote was taken in a field, the men being commanded to gather around the one they wanted for their captain. When the order was given, three fourths of the men gathered about Lincoln, to his own surprise, and he was thus elected captain. Years afterward, when he had become President, Lincoln said "he had never since then met with any success which gave him so much satisfaction."

Lincoln knew nothing of military rules, and many years afterward he told many amusing stories of his experience as a soldier.

One day he was drilling the men, and they were marching with twenty men fronting in line across a field, when he wished to pass through a gate into the next field.

"I could not for the life of me," said Lincoln, "remember the proper word of command for get-

ting my company 'endwise' so that it could get through the gate; so, as we came near the gate, I shouted:

“ ‘This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!’ ”

After he became President, Lincoln frequently enjoyed telling this story.

Lincoln risks his Life to save a Defenseless Indian

Lincoln's company had no chance to fight in the war, and did not take part in any battle; but while on the field, expecting to be ordered at any moment to march against the savages, Lincoln acted in a most heroic and honorable manner in saving the life of a good and friendly Indian. It came about in this way:

“ One day there came into the camp a poor, old, hungry Indian, without any weapon on his person. He had with him a pass from the general in command, which proved that he was a good and friendly Indian; but this he forgot to show at first.

“ The soldiers, who had learned to hate all Indians, suspected him as a spy; and, angry because the Indians had killed so many white people, they were about to kill him.

“ When the old Indian saw their intention by their angry manner (for he could not understand

their talk), he remembered the pass for safe conduct which he had with him, and brought it out and showed it to them.

“ But the men were blind with rage; they had come a good many miles to fight Indians, and this was the first one they had seen. They had made up their minds to kill Indians, and were not to be cheated out of their revenge by a little piece of paper signed by their commanding general. Besides, it might be a forgery, and not the real writing of the general. So they said they did not believe it was a real true pass, and cried out: ‘ Let us shoot him! Let us shoot him!’ ”

“ About a dozen soldiers grasped their guns, and cocking them, started to shoot him. They had already raised their weapons and were just about to fire, when Captain Lincoln, who had heard the noise, came upon them. He rushed forward, shouting out: ‘ Hold on! hold on! don’t fire! I command you to stop!’ And, springing in front of the men, he knocked up their guns with his arms and protected the Indian with his own body.

“ But the men were not inclined to obey, and Lincoln, now thoroughly aroused, with eyes full of defiance, shouted out: ‘ Are you soldiers! and would you murder a poor, defenseless old man? For shame! for shame! Such an act would disgrace our State and country!’ ”



House near Farmington, Illinois, in which Thomas Lincoln died.

“Some soldiers shouted: ‘He’s a spy! He’s a spy!’

“‘If he’s a spy,’ answered Lincoln, ‘we will prove it, and he shall suffer death; but, until that is proven, any man who attempts to take his life will have to deal with me. Disband and go to your quarters; I will answer for his friendship myself.’ The soldiers now lowered their guns, and went away, leaving Lincoln with the old man.

“The Indian then showed him his pass, which Lincoln saw at once was genuine, and so he told him to go and be free. The poor man could not speak his thanks, so he knelt down and kissed the feet of his liberator, and with many actions tried to show him his gratitude.”

ENTRANCE INTO POLITICS

CHAPTER VII

Lincoln returns to New Salem—Candidate for the Legislature—Takes a store and studies law under difficulties—Fails in business—Is appointed surveyor—Postmaster—Barefooted he studies on a wood-pile—Cradles wheat to win votes—Sad story of Anne Rutledge—Elected to the Legislature—Becomes a lawyer—The lightning-rod and Forquer's guilty conscience.

At the close of the Black Hawk War, Lincoln returned to New Salem, and in August announced himself a candidate for the Legislature. *Out of two hundred and eight votes in his town he received all but three*, but in the whole district his opponent received a majority.

His defeat in no way discouraged him, for he had made a very respectable showing, and the almost unanimous vote of New Salem was very flattering.

He now took a store with a partner, purchasing it on credit. All his spare time was spent in reading and studying law, for he had now made up his mind he would become a lawyer.

In 1833 they sold the store out to another party. When he was in business, in between times, while waiting on his customers, Lincoln read and studied. Sometimes he would get only three or five minutes, and would turn aside from reciting his lessons to wait upon the people without appearing in the least disturbed.

Now, while out of business, he became, if possible, still more industrious, carrying his book with him wherever he went,



Studying law on a log bench.

reading and studying on the street, in the field, or in the forest splitting rails.

One day, while in the woods splitting rails, he received notice that he had been appointed a surveyor of lands. This was, indeed, good news to him, for it meant three dollars a day in wages—quite a large amount in those days.

Lincoln knew little or nothing of surveying, but he borrowed books and the needed appliances from Mr. Calhoun, who had appointed him, and went to work studying hard, with the school teacher (Mr. Mentor Graham) to help him. In

a few weeks he reported for duty and made an honorable record as a surveyor. In 1833 he was appointed postmaster of New Salem. The letters were so few that he frequently carried all of them in his hat.

*Lincoln, Barefooted, studies Law on a Wood-pile—
Elected to the Legislature—Becomes a Lawyer*

Before his appointment as postmaster, and while he was taking any work that offered, the following episode occurred, showing his determination to become a lawyer in spite of his poverty.

Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law partner, relates the story as follows:

"Russell Godby, an old man who was still alive in 1865, told me that he often hired Lincoln to do farm work for him. One day he was surprised to find him sitting barefooted on top of a wood-pile reading a book with so much interest that he did not notice him till he was close upon him. This being a very unusual thing for farm hands to do, he said: 'Lincoln, what are you reading?'

" 'I'm not reading, I'm studying!' he answered.

" 'Studying what?' said Godby.

" 'Law, sir!' was the quick and positive reply.

" It was too much for Mr. Godby, as he looked

at him sitting there, proud as a king, and he couldn't help exclaiming, 'Good gracious me!' as he passed on."

Lincoln cradles Wheat to win Votes

Mr. Row Herndon, formerly of New Salem, relates how Lincoln secured a number of votes for his candidacy to the Legislature (in 1834). He said:

"He [Lincoln] came to my house near Island Grove during the harvest; there were some thirty men in the field. He got his dinner and went into the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said they could not vote for a man unless he could make a hand [that is, take a scythe or cradle and mow].

" 'Well, boys,' said Lincoln, 'if that's all, I am sure of your votes!'

"He then took the cradle and led the way all the round of the field with perfect ease.

"The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the entire crowd."

Anne Rutledge, Lincoln's Betrothed—Her Death

"The saddest chapter in Mr. Lincoln's life."

Mr. Herndon, in his *Life*, relates of his personal knowledge the sorrowful story of Lincoln and Anne Rutledge, which he terms "the saddest

chapter in Mr. Lincoln's life," and we glean from it briefly the following facts:

"Anne Rutledge was a beautiful girl, quick of apprehension, industrious, an excellent house-keeper, and by her modest, winning ways attached people to her so firmly that she soon became the most popular young lady in the village. A smart young business man by the name of McNeil, from New York State, who had a store and was prosperous, fell in love with her, and they became engaged. When he had accumulated ten or twelve thousand dollars he determined to return to his native State to bring on his parents, brothers, and sisters to share his prosperity.

"On the eve of his departure he confided to Anne that his real name was McNamar, and that he had changed it to McNeil for fear his family would follow him and prevent his success in business. They were engaged and he could keep nothing from her. As soon as he returned they would be married. On his way East McNamar was taken ill, and for a month was confined to his room. Upon finally reaching New York, after many delays, his father became very sick, and gradually faded out of life. At last he wrote to Anne; but meantime his long silence and the change of his name had aroused suspicion in the minds of her friends, and as each of his succeeding letters grew less ardent she began to lose

faith, and finally the correspondence ceased altogether.

“At this stage of the proceedings Lincoln began his advances with such success that he was soon recognized as her approved suitor. His native modesty naturally impeded very rapid progress, but he escorted her to quilting parties, and at her house she would frequently sing for him, while her relations all showed that they favored Lincoln’s suit. Thus eventually she was brought to reciprocate his passion, and, while consenting to marry him, she made it conditional that she should write McNamar and obtain his release from her pledge. The slow-moving mails carried her letter to New York, but no answer came back, and after many weeks she accepted Lincoln’s proposal. Then Lincoln’s poverty stood in the way; she must give him time to gather funds to live on until he could complete his law studies. To this she consented, and told her friends ‘as soon as his studies are completed we are to be married.’ Lincoln’s great happiness, the joy of a devoted love, the comfort and soothing influence of an affectionate caress, for which his soul hungered, were never to be realized.

“In the late summer Anne Rutledge was taken sick with a burning fever, and soon all hope of her recovery was abandoned. Her brother related that she kept inquiring so continuously for Lin-

coln, at times demanding to see him, that he was finally permitted to enter her room, where for an hour they were left alone. A few days afterward she died, and the effect on Lincoln is described by her brother as 'terrible.' He was plunged in despair, and wandered up and down the river and into the woods wofully and abstractedly, at times in the greatest distress. His friends feared he would lose his reason, and finally sent him to a kind friend, Bowlin Greene, who lived beyond the hills a mile south of the town. Here he soon recovered his self-command, and in the years that followed he never ceased to be grateful for his friend's great kindness."

Two years after the death of Miss Rutledge, Lincoln declared to a fellow-member of the Legislature that "although he seemed to others to enjoy life rapturously, yet when alone he was so overcome by mental depression he never dared to carry a pocket-knife." And seven years after that event, when called upon to speak at the grave of Bowlin Greene, he broke down completely, and was carried sobbing from the scene.

That the death of his betrothed produced a deep wound and cast a shadow across the soul of Lincoln which never quite faded, can not be doubted. It was his first "grand passion," that lifted him up to the heavenly heights, from which

he was plunged to the deepest depths of agony and despair; and thus the second great sorrow of his life became written upon his face, which subsequent events were to add to, until it became "in repose the saddest face man ever saw."

In 1834 he was elected to the Legislature, and had to borrow money to clothe himself respectably, so that he could attend the session. Again, in 1836, he was elected, and in 1837 he was licensed to practise law. John F. Stuart was his partner. Late in this year he delivered an essay before the Young Men's Lyceum in Springfield, Ill., on the Perpetuation of our Free Institutions, which, being published in the Sangamon Journal, created a reputation for him beyond the limits of that city.

*The Lightning-Rod and Forquer's Guilty
Conscience*

Joshua F. Speed relates that during the campaign for the Legislature of 1836 Lincoln made a telling speech a few days before election.

"The crowd was large, many friends and admirers coming in from the country. The speech produced a profound impression; the crowd was with him. George Forquer, an old and respected citizen of ability, was present. He had been a Whig of prominence, but had recently joined the Democratic party, and almost simultaneously had

been appointed register of the land office. Just at this time Mr. Forquer had completed a neat frame house—the best house in Springfield at the time—and over it erected a lightning-rod, the first Mr. Lincoln had ever seen.

“At the conclusion of Lincoln’s speech Mr. Forquer arose and asked to be heard.

“He commenced thus:

“‘This young man will have to be taken down, and I am sorry the task devolves upon me.’

“He then proceeded to answer Lincoln’s arguments in an able and fair, but patronizing manner. Lincoln stood a few steps away with arms folded, carefully watching the speaker, and taking in everything he said.

“He was laboring under a good deal of suppressed excitement. Forquer’s sting had aroused the lion within him. At length Forquer ended, and he mounted the stand to reply.

“His reply was characterized by great dignity and force, and I shall never forget the conclusion:

“‘Mr. Forquer commenced his speech by announcing that the young man would have to be taken down. It is for you, fellow-citizens, not me, to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has seen fit to allude to my being a young man, but he forgets that I am older in years than in the tricks and trades of politicians.

“‘I desire to live, and I desire place and dis-

tion, but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.' ”

FIFTH PERIOD: THE LEGISLATOR
—THE LAWYER
(1837-1855)

CHAPTER VIII

Arrival in Springfield—Odd campaigning experiences—Helping a land hunter—"A small crop of fight"—The blue sock and Government money—The slow horse story—The marriage of Lincoln—His partnerships—Speeches for Clay—Elected to Congress—Saving two young men from dishonesty.

MR. JOSHUA SPEED, a very dear friend of Lincoln's, relates in the following manner how at this time Lincoln made his first appearance as a lawyer in Springfield, with the intention of making it his permanent residence:

"He had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, with no earthly property save a pair of saddle-bags containing a few clothes. I was then a merchant at Springfield, and kept a country store, selling pretty nearly everything that might be wanted in the country.

"Lincoln came into the store with his saddle-

bags under his arm. He said he wanted to buy the furniture for a single bed. The blankets, mattress, coverlids, sheets, and pillow, according to my prices, would cost seventeen dollars.

“ ‘Perhaps that’s cheap enough,’ said Lincoln, ‘but, small as the price is, I am unable to pay it. But,’ he added, ‘if you will give me credit till Christmas-time, and my experiment as a lawyer succeeds, I will pay you then.’

“ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘suppose you don’t succeed.’

“ In the saddest possible tone of voice he replied, ‘If I fail in this, I do not know that I can ever pay you.’

“ As I looked up at him, I thought then, and I think now, that I never saw a sadder face.

“ I said to him, ‘You seem to be so much pained at making so small a debt, I think I can suggest a plan by which you can avoid the debt, and at the same time attain your end.’

“ ‘Do you really think so?’ said Lincoln, his face brightening somewhat.

“ ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I have a large room with a double bed up-stairs which you are very welcome to share with me.’

“ ‘Where is the room?’ said he.

“ ‘Up-stairs,’ said I, pointing to a pair of winding stairs which led from the store to my room. He took his saddle-bags on his arm, went up-stairs, set them on the floor, and came down

with the most changed expression on his face. Looking very happy, he exclaimed:

“ ‘ Well, Speed, I’m moved! ’ ”

Another friend took him to board without pay, and so, with the help of good, kind-hearted people, Lincoln began life as a lawyer in Springfield.

Story of Lincoln’s Campaign Expenses, Seventy-five Cents

In these days when honesty in political matters is so rare, and when each candidate spends so much of his own or other people’s money to get elected to an office, it may be well to turn back the pages of history and read of the days when honesty as well as ability was rewarded in the field of politics.

In 1838 there was a very exciting election in Illinois, and Lincoln for the second time was chosen for the Legislature by his party (the Whigs). A number of his friends gathered together and gave him two hundred dollars to pay his expenses. After the election was over and Lincoln had been successful, he handed back to his friend, Mr. Speed, the sum of one hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents, with the request that he give it back to those who had given it to him. He said: “ I did not need the money; I made the canvass on my own horse;

my entertainment [board] being at the home of friends, cost nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider which some farm laborers insisted I should treat them to!"

What a contrast this story of simplicity and honesty furnishes to the extravagance and dishonesty that prevails in politics to-day! Can we wonder that Lincoln was loved and admired by all who knew him, and that they got in the habit of calling him "Honest Old Abe," by which name he became generally known, and was afterward elected President of the United States?

*Lincoln demands Free Speech for a Friend who was
about to be Mobbed*

It was during the preceding canvass that Mr. Lincoln interfered and protected his friend E. D. Baker from the fury of his opponents. This gentleman was speaking to a crowd in the court-room, which was immediately under Lincoln and Stuart's law office. Just over the platform on which the speaker stood was a trap-door in the floor. Lincoln at the time, as was often his habit, was lying on the floor, looking down through this hole at the speaker. Baker, getting warmed up, made a sweeping charge against his opponent, which angered many in the crowd, and the cry of "Pull him down! Pull him down!" was followed by a forward movement of the men. Baker, his face

pale with excitement, squared himself to meet the on-rushing and maddened men with a stout resistance, when, in the midst of the noise and confusion, a pair of long legs, with big feet, were seen dangling from the ceiling (where the trap-door was) over the platform, and in a moment the figure of Lincoln dropped upon the floor. Picking up a water-pitcher in an attitude of defense, he shouted, "Hold on, gentlemen! This is a land of free speech. Mr. Baker has a right to be heard. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it." Immediately quiet was restored, and Baker was allowed to resume his speech.

*How Lincoln won the Farmer's Wife while his
Opponent milked the Cow*

In those days when men wanted to get an office, both the Republican and Democratic candidates traveled together around the country from town to town, stopping at farmhouses in between and talking to the people, trying to make friends and get them to vote for them.

A good story is told that shows Lincoln's cleverness, and how, at this time, during one of his electioneering tours, he won the favor of a farmer's wife, whose husband was a very important man in that county.

One afternoon Lincoln and his opponent rode

up to this farmer's house on horses, which they put out in the barn themselves, the husband being away in a distant field at work. The good farmer's wife invited them to take supper and stay overnight, as was customary. Now, each man wanted to win the good-will of the lady, because she, of course, had a strong influence over her husband; but for quite a while neither seemed to succeed very well.

Finally it came time to milk the cows, and the woman, taking her pail, started for the barn-yard. Mr. Ewing (Lincoln's companion and opponent) now saw his chance, and, following quickly, he took the pail from her hand and insisted upon milking the cow himself. He thought by thus helping the woman to do her work he would surely win her good-will; and so he sat down and commenced milking, chuckling to himself how he had got the better of "Abe Lincoln." Once in a while he would speak to the lady, who stood by the fence looking on; but after a time, receiving no reply from her, he looked around only to see the woman and Lincoln leaning comfortably on the fence, and talking in a most friendly manner. Mr. Ewing now was naturally disgusted with himself, for there he had to sit and finish his task, while Lincoln was having a good time chatting with the lady, and captivating her with his amusing stories.

When Mr. Ewing finished, the farmer's wife "added insult to injury" by thanking him most heartily, not only for milking the cow, but also for "giving her a chance to have such a pleasant talk with Mr. Lincoln!"

*Lincoln lends a Poor Acquaintance his Horse to
take up some Land*

Lincoln always sympathized with the "under dog in the fight," and was never so happy as when he could help some one else to what he believed they deserved. While he was postmaster at New Salem (carrying the letters around in his hat) he was overtaken one day, when about fourteen miles from Springfield, by a Mr. Chandler, whom he knew slightly. This man had already ridden twenty miles, and was hastening to reach the land office before a certain other man who had gone by a different road. Chandler explained to Lincoln that he was poor and wanted to enter a small tract of land which adjoined his; that another man of considerable wealth had also determined to have it, and had mounted his horse and started for Springfield. "Meanwhile, my neighbors," continued Chandler, "collected and advanced me the necessary one hundred dollars, and now, if I can reach the land office first, I can secure the land."

Lincoln, seeing that his horse was jaded and

in no condition to make the additional fourteen miles, at once dismounted from his own and turned him over to Chandler, saying: "Here's my horse; he is fresh and full of grit; there's no time to be lost; mount him and put him through. When you reach Springfield put him up at Hernon's tavern, and I'll call and get him." Chandler at once changed horses and hurried on, leaving Lincoln to follow on his jaded animal. He arrived in Springfield an hour in advance of his rival, and secured the coveted land. By nightfall Lincoln rode leisurely into town and was met by the jubilant Chandler, and between the two there sprang up a friendship which all the political discords of twenty-five years could not disturb.

A Pig, stuck in the Mud, is rescued by Lincoln

While Lincoln was practising law he used to go from one town to another to try cases before different courts. There were no railroads in those days, and traveling "on the circuit" (going around from court to court) was done mostly on horseback.

One day, when several lawyers besides Mr. Lincoln were traveling in this way, they came to a very muddy place in the road, and at one side, near the rail fence, was a poor pig stuck fast, and squealing as loud as possible.

The men thought this very funny, and

laughed at the unfortunate pig; but Lincoln said, "Let us stop and help the poor thing out."

"Oh, Abe," said one, "you must be crazy! Your clothes would look pretty after you had lifted that dirty pig up, wouldn't they?"

The others all poked fun at Lincoln, and so they rode on until they were out of sight and hearing of the suffering beast.

Lincoln rode on with them also, but little by little he went slower. He was thinking about the pig, and the farmer who owned him. He thought: "What a pity for him to lose that pig; he can't afford it! It means shoes for his little children to wear next winter." And then the memory of that pitiful squeal kept ringing in his ears. So, after going quite a long distance with the other gentlemen, Lincoln turned his horse and rode back all alone, to see if he could get the pig out. He found the poor thing still deeper than before in the mud and mire. So he took some rails from off the fence, and putting them down by the squealing animal, made a safe footing to stand on. Then he took two other rails, and, putting them under the pig, pried him up out of the mud until he could reach him with his hands. Then he took hold of him, and, pulling him out, placed him on the dry land.

As the pig ran grunting off toward his home, Lincoln looked at his soiled clothes with a satisfied

smile, as much as to say, " Well, a little water and brushing will soon make the clothes look clean again, and I don't care if the other fellows do laugh at me; the pig's out of his misery, and Farmer Jones's children won't have to go bare-footed next winter."

"An Almighty Small Crop of Fight"

Lincoln wins a case by a humorous question.

In Rice's Recollections of Lincoln, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew relates the following story, which aptly illustrates the humorous as well as the shrewd side of Lincoln's character:

" Lincoln was trying a case in Illinois where he appeared in defense of a prisoner charged with aggravated assault and battery. The complainant had told a horrible story of the attack, which his appearance fully justified, when the district attorney, who was prosecuting the case for him, handed him over to Mr. Lincoln for cross-examination. Mr. Lincoln said he had no testimony, and unless he could in some way break down or discredit the complainant's story, he saw no way of winning the case.

" He had come to the conclusion that the witness was a bumptious fellow, who rather prided himself on his smartness in repartee. And so, after looking at him some time, he said:

“ ‘ Well, my friend, how much ground did you and my client here fight over? ’

“ The man quickly answered, ‘ About six acres. ’

“ ‘ Well, ’ said Lincoln, with a twinkle in his eyes and a smile playing about his mouth, ‘ don’t you think that this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground? ’

“ This produced a laugh, which was finally joined in by the entire court, and the affair was ‘ laughed out of court. ’ ”

The Old Blue Sock and Government Money held in Trust

One of the incidents which contributed to Lincoln’s fame for integrity, and won for him the sobriquet of “ Honest Abe, ” occurred in connection with the closing up of his affairs as postmaster at New Salem.

On May 7, 1833, he was appointed postmaster, and kept the place until it was discontinued. The balance of money in his hands which belonged to the Government was between sixteen and eighteen dollars. This small amount was overlooked by the post-office department and not called for until several years after Lincoln had removed to Springfield.

During these years he had been very poor—so poor, indeed, that he had been compelled

to borrow money of friends for the necessities of life.

One day an agent of the post-office called at Mr. Henry's, with whom Lincoln at that time kept his office.

"Knowing Lincoln's poverty," Mr. Henry afterward related, "and how often he had been obliged to borrow money, I did not believe he had the funds on hand to meet the draft, and was about to call him aside and loan it to him, when he asked the agent to be seated a moment. He then went over to his boarding-house and returned with an old blue sock with a quantity of silver and copper coin tied up in it.

"Untying the sock, he poured out the contents on the table and proceeded to count it, and the exact sum (and the identical coin) was found which years before he had received for postage-stamps from his friends in Salem.

"All the intervening years the money had been placed aside in an old trunk, and, no matter how much he needed money, he never thought of using that which he held in trust for the Government. *He never used trust funds.*"

Two Little Birds returned to their Nest

Lincoln's great kindness of heart and his extreme sensitiveness to the pain and suffering of others, even of animals, or any living thing, are

well known. We are indebted to his old Springfield friend, Mr. Speed, for the following incident, illustrating this trait of his character which so endeared him to his friends:

He, with several members of the bar from Springfield, had been attending court at Christiansburg, and Mr. Speed was riding with them toward the Capitol. There was quite a party of lawyers riding two by two along a country lane, and Lincoln and Hardin brought up the rear of the cavalcade. Mr. Speed relates:

"We had passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab-trees and stopped to water our horses, when Hardin came up alone.

" 'Where is Lincoln?' we all inquired.

" 'Oh,' replied he, 'when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting for the nest to put them back.'

"In a short time Lincoln came up, having found the nest and placed the young birds in it. The party laughed at him, but he said:

" 'I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother.' "

The Wild-Boar Story and the Unjust Judge

Lincoln's peculiar power as an attorney-at-law is well illustrated by an episode related by Mr. Herndon in his *Life of Lincoln*, wherein his feel-



Mr. Lincoln's Springfield law office in 1839 (over furniture store).

ings of indignation were thoroughly aroused, and expressed in a spirited, at times eloquent, as well as humorous manner. He says:

"I remember a murder case in which we appeared for the defense, and during the trial of which the judge—a man of ability far inferior to Lincoln's—kept ruling against us.

"Finally, a very material question—in fact, one around which the entire case seemed to revolve—came up, and again the court ruled adversely.

"The prosecution was jubilant, and Lincoln, seeing defeat certain unless he recovered his ground, grew very despondent.

"The notion crept into his head that the court's rulings, which were absurd and almost spiteful, were aimed at him, and this angered him beyond reason. He told of his feelings at dinner, and said:

"‘I have determined to crowd the court to the wall and regain my position before night.’

"From that time forward it was interesting to watch him.

"At the reassembling of court he arose to read a few authorities in support of his position, keeping within the bounds of propriety just far enough to avoid a reprimand of the court. He characterized the continuous rulings against him as not only unjust but foolish, and, figuratively

speaking, he peeled the court from head to foot.

“ Lincoln had the crowd, a portion of the bar, and the jury with him, and this nerved him to a feeling of desperation. He was, in fact, ‘mad all over.’

“ He had studied up the points involved, but, knowing full well the caliber of the judge, Lincoln relied mostly on the moral effect of his personal bearing and influence.

“ He was alternately furious and eloquent, and after pursuing the court with broad facts and pointed inquiries in rapid succession, he made use of this homely incident to clinch his argument. He said:

“ ‘In early days, a party of men went out hunting for a wild boar. But the game came upon them unawares, and, scampering away, they all climbed trees save one, who, seizing the animal by the ears, undertook to hold him.

“ ‘After holding on for some time and feeling his strength giving way, he cried out to his companions in the trees:

“ ‘“For God’s sake, boys, come down and help me let go!”’

“ The prosecution tried in vain to break him down, and the judge, badgered effectually by Lincoln’s masterly arraignment of law and fact, pretended to see the error of his former position, and

finally reversed his decision in his tormentor's favor. Lincoln saw his triumph, and surveyed a situation of which he was master.

"His client was acquitted, and he had swept the field."

Lincoln's "Slow-Horse Story"

Shortly before the election an artist, Mr. Alban J. Conant, of New York, went to Springfield to paint the "rail-splitter's" portrait. The painter found him in a large room of the State-house surrounded by clerks and messengers, with piles of letters and telegrams before him; but, although he was extremely busy, he granted the artist a sitting of one hour each day. Mr. Conant describes his face when "at rest as invariably sad and abstracted, but when pleased and interested this changed to one of animation and forcefulness."

To gain his attention and keep his expression the painter told him stories, at one of which he laughed so heartily as to be heard throughout the entire building. Lincoln did not forget that story, and told it many times after he became President, never failing to credit it to Alban J. Conant the painter.

Lincoln called it the "slow-horse story." It ran in this way: A lawyer in a Western town desired the nomination for county judge, and, on the morning preceding the evening on which the

county convention was to meet, applied to the livery-stable keeper in his village for a horse and buggy in which to drive to the county town, sixteen miles distant, where the convention was to be held. "Give me the best and fastest horse you have, Sam," said he, "so that I will have time to go around and see the boys before the convention comes in." The liveryman, however, was supporting a rival candidate, and gave our hero a horse that outwardly appeared perfect, but which broke down entirely before half of the journey was performed, so that, when the candidate arrived, the convention had adjourned and his rival had been nominated.

On his return to the stable late the following afternoon, knowing that it was useless to resent the trick played upon him, he said to the owner: "Look here, Smith, you must be training this horse for the New York market. Expect to sell him to an undertaker for a hearse horse, don't you, and at a good round price?" Mr. Smith protested that the beast was one of his best horses.

"Oh, don't deny it!" said the candidate. "I know by his gait you have spent days training him to pull a hearse; but it's all time wasted. He will prove a dead failure. He's altogether too slow. He couldn't get a corpse to the cemetery in time for the resurrection."

*Lincoln marries—Partner of Logan; of Herndon—
Makes Speeches for Clay—Elected to Congress*

On November 4, 1842, Mr. Lincoln married Miss Mary Todd at Springfield. This same year he enlisted in the temperance movement. The year before (1841) Lincoln had retired from the partnership with Stuart, who had been elected to Congress, and associated himself with S. T. Logan. In 1843 he severed this connection because Mr. Logan as well as himself aspired to be sent to Congress. He then took Mr. Herndon as partner, but did not succeed in getting the nomination to Congress. In 1844 he was a presidential elector, and made campaign speeches throughout Illinois for Clay and Polk; was nominated for Congress May 1, 1846, and elected. He opposed the Mexican War, considering it a war of conquest, unjust and unnecessary.



Stephen T. Logan

On July 10, 1848, he wrote his partner a letter, in which the following wise sentence occurs:

“The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him.” He made

speeches for Taylor in New England, also in Illinois, and after Taylor's election he introduced a bill in Congress looking to the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia. It received no consideration. He was offered the position of Governor of the Territory of Oregon by President Taylor, but declined, and returned to his home in Springfield to practise law.

Lincoln's Eloquent Appeal compels Two Young Men to pay for a Team of Oxen, though the Law rendered them, as Minors, not Liable for the Bill

Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's partner, relates that in the spring of 1847 Lincoln, then a Congressman, was employed by an old man by the name of Case to collect a note of two hundred dollars signed by Snow brothers, who, pleading the minor act, refused to pay it.

The brothers did not deny the note, but, through their lawyer, pleaded that they were minors, and that old Mr. Case knew that fact when they gave him the note. Lincoln admitted all this, saying, "Yes, gentlemen, I reckon that's so." The minor act was read to the jury, and every one thought that Lincoln had given his case away, and would submit to the injustice to his client in silence, because the law plainly stated that minors could not be held liable for debt. Lincoln, however, arose, and in a quiet tone said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you willing to allow these boys to begin life with this shame and disgrace attached to their characters? If you are, I am not. The best judge of human nature that ever wrote has left these immortal words for all of us to ponder:

"'Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.'"

Then, rising to his full height, and looking down upon the young men with the compassion of a brother, his long right arm pointing to the opposing lawyers, he continued:

"Gentlemen of the jury, these poor innocent boys would never have attempted this low villainy had it not been for the advice of these men." He then showed how the noble science of law might be prostituted, and with a scathing rebuke to those who thus belittled their profession, he concluded: "And now, gentlemen, you have it in your power to set these boys right before the world."

Thus, pleading for the boys and their good name, he left the case to the jury, which without leaving their seats decided that the boys must pay the debt; and the latter, after listening to Mr. Lincoln, were willing and glad to do it.

CHAPTER IX

Lincoln, the little girl and her trunk—His little son Willie runs naked from his bath—The widow's pension case—"Skin Wright and close"—He gives a mean lawyer some good advice—Gives his opponent's their case, because it was just—His defense of William Armstrong.

ONE morning, some time after Lincoln had returned to Springfield to practise as a lawyer, while he was walking down-town to his office, he noticed a little girl standing at the gate in front of her house crying as though her heart would break. He stopped and asked, "What's the matter, my little girl?"

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln!" she exclaimed between her sobs, "I shall miss the train, because the expressman has not come to take my trunk as he promised." And she burst out crying again.

"That's too bad, that is too bad," said Lincoln, patting her on the head. "Where were you going?" he added.

She answered, "I was going to visit my aunt with a little friend, and it's to be my first trip on the cars; and, oh, I have planned about

it and even dreamed about it for weeks! And now it's most train time; my little friend will be waiting at the station, and auntie too; and——" Here her sobs broke into her story, and her little body shook with the effort of crying so hard.

Lincoln was touched. "How big is the trunk? There's still time, I guess, if it's not too big." Saying this, he pushed by the gate and up to the door.

The little girl's mother showed him to the room, where there was a little old-fashioned traveling trunk, locked and tied.

"Oh, ho!" cried Lincoln. "Wipe your eyes, and come quick. We'll catch the train yet, I guess."

He picked up the trunk, threw it on his shoulder, and strode out through the yard into the street, the little girl trotting by his side, and drying her eyes as she went. Pretty soon they heard the rumbling of the train approaching in the distance, and the toot of the whistle.

"Take my hand, little one," said Lincoln, "and we'll get there." So, hastening his steps, carrying the trunk on his shoulder and holding the little girl's hand, they hurried on and reached the station just as the train rolled in.

Lincoln put the child on the train, kissed her good-by, and cried out, "Now, have a real good time!"

How Little Willie Lincoln ran away from his Bath Tub

Lincoln was very fond of his little boys, and enjoyed their pranks, often laughing at their childish ways. One morning during this period of his life in Springfield, when his son Willie was about three or four years old, his mother was giving him a bath in a big tub; the little fellow, screaming with fun, suddenly jumped away from her and scampered out of doors.

His father was sitting on the front porch reading the papers, and hearing the noise, looked up, bursting into a hearty laugh at the comical sight. The little fellow, meanwhile, ran out into the street, and crawled under the fence into the field of young corn that was growing near the house.

Lincoln sprang up from his seat, watching the boy's small pink and white legs twinkle along the sidewalk, and shaking with laughter. But his enjoyment of the fun was cut short by the mother's appearing on the scene, exclaiming:

"Run and catch him, dear, and don't stand there all day laughing yourself to death. There he goes now in the corn-field," she added; "run quick!"

Sure enough, Willie was now running as fast as his little legs would carry him in between the rows of corn.

Lincoln then started after him, and the little

fellow, screaming with delight, ran faster than ever. Meanwhile the neighbors had been attracted by the noise, and some were looking out of the windows and doors of the nearest houses, while some stopped on the sidewalk, all laughing at the chase of the little naked boy by his great, tall father, who was now quite a celebrated man. It took the father but a few minutes with his long strides to catch the runaway, who, when he reached him, was laughing in roguish glee. Lincoln picked him up, and covering his rosy little body with many kisses, tossed him on to his shoulders, put his legs about his neck, and so carried him in triumph back to his mother and the tub, to the great amusement of the neighbors.

Lincoln studies Shakespeare and Poetry

During the six years following his retirement from Congress, Lincoln studied a great deal, devoting much time to poetry and geometry. Shakespeare especially attracted him, and when traveling on the circuit, Lincoln was always the first to be up in the morning, many times his room-mates and fellow-travelers awakening to find him repeating over or committing to memory some verses of poetry.

Tell me, Ye Winged Winds, by Mackey; Immortality; and later, Why Should the Spirit of Mortals be Proud, were his favorite poems. Dur-

ing this period Elmer E. Ellsworth, of Zouave fame, was for a short time in Lincoln's office as a student of law.

The Widow's Pension Case—"Skin Wright and Close"

At this time, while Lincoln was thus making a great name as a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, an old woman, crippled and bent with age, came hobbling into the office one day and told the story of her suffering and injustice. She related how one-half of her pension of four hundred dollars, all she had in the world to depend upon, had been kept by the pension agent (a Mr. Wright), who refused to give her the balance.

Mr. Lincoln was so stirred up by the recital that he at once put on his hat, and, walking over to the agent's office, made a demand for a return of the money at once. This being refused, the suit was immediately brought before the court.

A few days before the trial Lincoln refreshed his memory of the Revolutionary War by reading some parts of the history over again.

He said to his partner, Mr. Herndon, before the trial: "You'd better stay until after my address to the jury, for I'm going to skin Wright and get that money back for the widow."

After the poor old woman had, through her



The Lincoln residence, Springfield.

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tears, told her story to the jury, Lincoln arose and began his address by recounting the causes leading to the outbreak of the Revolutionary struggle. He then drew a vivid picture of the hardships at Valley Forge, describing with minuteness the men, barefooted and with bleeding feet, creeping over the snow and ice. As he told of the cruel treatment of the old lady by the pension agent his eyes flashed with indignation, an eye-witness stating that "he never saw Lincoln so wrought up."

Before he closed his speech he drew an ideal picture of the woman's husband, the dead soldier, parting with his wife at the threshold of their home, and kissing their little babe in the cradle as he started for the war.

"Time rolls by," he said in conclusion; "the heroes of '76 have passed away and are encamped on the other shore. The soldier has gone to rest, and now, crippled, blinded, and broken, the widow comes to you and to me, gentlemen of the jury, to right her wrongs. She was not always thus: she was once a beautiful young woman. Her step was elastic, her face was fair, and her voice as sweet as any that rang in the mountains of old Virginia. But now she is poor and defenseless; out here on the prairies of Illinois, hundreds of miles away from the scenes of her childhood, she appeals to us, who enjoy the privileges achieved for us by the patriots of the Revolution, for our

sympathetic aid and manly protection. All I ask is, Shall we befriend her?"

At the conclusion half the jurymen were in tears, while the pension agent sat, ashamed, drawn up, and writhing under Mr. Lincoln's fierce invective. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the widow, who could not find words to express her gratitude to Mr. Lincoln. Lincoln was so much interested in the woman that he became security for her costs, paid her way home, as well as her hotel bill while attending the suit. He also sent her the money and would not take a penny for his services.

Lincoln's notes for the case were as follows:

"No contract.—Not professional services.—Unreasonable charge.—Money retained by the agent not given by the widow.—Revolutionary War.—Describe Valley Forge privations.—Ice.—Soldiers' bleeding feet.—The woman's husband.—*Skin Wright*.—Close."

Lincoln gives a Mean Man some Good Advice

One of Lincoln's chief traits of character was his love of truth and justice. As a lawyer he would never take a case to defend a guilty man; but many times he would give his services for nothing in defending an innocent person.

Mr. Herndon, his partner, tells of a case where a mean man came to see Lincoln about suing a

poor widow with six children, and after hearing him state his case Lincoln said to him: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole township at loggerheads; I can distress a poor widow and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem an active, energetic man. *I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way.*"

Lincoln's Candor—He gives his Opponents their Case because his Clients were in the Wrong

A lawyer in Beardstown, Illinois, said, speaking of Lincoln: "He came into my office one day with the remark, 'I see you've been suing one of my clients, and I've come down to see about it.' He spoke about a suit I had brought to enforce the fulfillment of a contract. I explained the case to him, and showed my proofs. He seemed surprised that I should deal so frankly with him, and said he would be equally frank with me.

"He said my client was justly entitled to the decree of the court, and he would so state it at the trial; and that it was against his principles to contest a clear matter of right. So my client got a deed for a farm which, had another less honest

lawyer been in Lincoln's place, would have been eaten up by the costs of the suit, and the final result would have been the same."

Lincoln's Defense of William Armstrong

By this time Lincoln & Herndon had become one of the best-known and most reliable law firms in the State of Illinois.

Their services were in great demand, not only because of the well-known shrewdness of Mr. Lincoln, but also because of his honesty, his truthfulness, and absolute reliability. Before entering on the next period, which will be devoted to the politician and statesman, it may be as well to relate here the story of Lincoln's defense of William Armstrong, although it occurred in 1858, after he had practically given up law practise for two years, and while he was engaged in the great campaign which resulted, two years later, in his election as President of the United States.

William Armstrong, the son of Lincoln's old-time friend, Jack Armstrong (one of the "Clary's Grove boys," with whom he had wrestled at New Salem), had been arrested for a murder in May, 1858, at Beardstown, Illinois. It appeared that Armstrong and a companion, after getting quite drunk, had quarreled with a man named Metzger, and that blows had passed between them. The day following the quarrel Metzger died, and two

serious wounds upon his head indicated that he had been struck by some weapon in the hands of another man. The evidence all tended to prove Armstrong guilty, though he stoutly affirmed his innocence, and stated that he had only struck him with his fist, and not very hard either. It was also shown that the man Metzger, on his way home with his yoke of oxen, had been hit on the head by the end of the yoke and knocked down. Still, one man swore that he saw Armstrong strike him with a sling-shot.

Lincoln, responding to Armstrong's mother's appeal, left his campaign speeches and went down to see what he could do to help the poor boy out of his difficulty, and if possible save him from the gallows. After he had talked with Armstrong, he was convinced of his innocence.

When the trial came on, however, the testimony of one man was so positive that he had seen the blow struck, that Lincoln's case seemed hopeless.

But Lincoln said, "How could you have seen him strike the fatal blow when, according to all the evidence, the quarrel occurred between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, where there was no light of any kind near?"

The man quickly replied, "I saw it by the light of the moon."

This seemed decisive, and Lincoln appeared

for the moment to be discouraged. There was so much at stake, however—not only young Armstrong's life, but his widowed mother's happiness also—that Lincoln, after the court adjourned for the day, kept thinking and worrying over it. All at once he thought, "Suppose I can prove that the moon was *not* shining that night, and that therefore this man's evidence is false!" So he hunted up the almanac, and before he went to bed that night he felt sure he would succeed in freeing his old friend's unfortunate boy.

Next day when he opened his address for the defense he laid especial stress upon the testimony of this one man, and pointed out that his was the *only* direct evidence against the prisoner.

After making it plain to the jury that without this man's moonlight story there was nothing upon which to convict his client, he said: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, I propose to prove to you that this evidence is absolutely false. I hold in my hand the proof that upon the night of the supposed murder there was no moon in the sky, but that it had set several hours before the time the fight occurred."

He then handed the almanac, which he had brought with him, to the jury, and the sensation created by Lincoln's discovery was plainly shown in the faces of the men.

The advantage he had thus gained he followed

up with an eloquent appeal in favor of Armstrong. He reminded them that old Hannah Armstrong, the friend of his youth, had begged him to defend her boy; that he had no other interest in the trial than securing justice for the prisoner. He was not working for a fee, but for the cause of right.

He told the jury of his once being a poor, friendless boy himself; that Armstrong's parents took him to their house, fed, and clothed him, and gave him a home. As he went on with his personal narrative his eyes filled with tears, his voice choked, and his tall form quivered with the powerful emotions that swept over him as he thought of his own early struggles in life.

The story, so pathetically told, moved the jury to tears also, and they forgot the supposed guilt of the prisoner in their admiration and sympathy for his advocate.

On the morning of the trial, Lincoln had told the mother, "Your son will be free before sundown," which proved true, for the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

The defendant's mother, Hannah Armstrong, speaking of it afterward, said: "Lincoln had said to me, 'Hannah, your son will be cleared before sundown.' I left the court-room, and they came and told me that my son was cleared and a free man. I went up to the court-house. The jury

shook hands with me; so did the judge and Lincoln. Tears streamed down Lincoln's cheeks. I asked him after the trial what his fee would be. 'Why, Hannah,' he said, 'I sha'n't charge you a cent, and anything else I can do for you I will do it willingly without charge.'"

SIXTH PERIOD: THE STATESMAN

(1855-1860)

CHAPTER X

Lincoln again enters the field of politics—Chosen to answer Douglas—Assists in organizing the Republican party—An audience of two—Challenges “the Little Giant”—The great speech on the Declaration of Independence—The question which defeated him for the Senate—“The bulwark of liberty” speech—Nominated and elected President—Prophetic soliloquy—He leaves Springfield—The plot to assassinate him at Baltimore.

THE outrages in the States of Kansas and Missouri in 1855, following the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, which originated with Stephen A. Douglas and admitted slavery into those States, aroused Lincoln from his long silence; and when Douglas returned to Illinois as the lion of the day, and opened the campaign in Springfield with a speech in defense of his bill, which had been passed by Congress, Lincoln was chosen by his party to answer him. This he did with such great success that the Springfield Journal said:

"The anti-Nebraska speech of Mr. Lincoln was the profoundest, in our opinion, that he has made in his whole life. He felt upon his soul the truths burn which he uttered, and all present felt that he was true to his own soul. His feelings once or twice swelled within, and came near stifling utterance. He quivered with emotion. The whole house was still as death. He was most successful, and the house approved the glorious triumph of truth by loud and continued huzzas."

At the instigation of his friends, he followed Senator Douglas and made speeches either immediately after him in the same town, or by arrangement with him upon the same platform. Douglas, however, soon tired of his agreement, and begged Lincoln's consent to give up the mutual debates.

Lincoln was elected to the Legislature during this campaign, but resigned, intending to run for the United States Senate. This he did, but was defeated by Lyman Trumbull.

While Lincoln was always against slavery, he did not sanction the methods of the abolitionists. He declared, "Let there be peace. *Revolutionize through the ballot-box, and restore the Government once more to the affections and hearts of men by making it express, as it was intended to do, the highest spirit of justice and liberty.*"

*Lincoln assists in organizing the Republican Party
in the State of Illinois*

Lincoln assisted in the organization and foundation of the Republican party in Illinois at a convention held in Bloomington, in May, 1856, making there an inspired speech and taking a bold stand against slavery. Upon his return to Springfield a public meeting was advertised to ratify the work of the convention; but so unpopular were his views at that time that only one person came, aside from Mr. Lincoln's own partner. A Republican governor was elected, however, and Lincoln returned at the end of the campaign as the acknowledged leader of the party in the State—the only man who had been able to cope successfully with “*the Little Giant*,” as Douglas was called.

*Lincoln, nominated for the United States Senate,
challenges Douglas to Public Debate*

In 1858 the Democratic party nominated Douglas again for the United States Senate, and the Republican party in its convention resolved “That Hon. Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States Senator.” In his opening speech at Springfield, June 17, 1858, he spoke as follows:

“A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect

the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or the other."

Lincoln challenged Douglas to a joint debate, and seven meetings were arranged. These attracted the attention of the entire country, and gave Lincoln a national reputation.

In the last joint discussion with Douglas, Lincoln said: "Slavery is the real issue. That is the



S. A. Douglas

issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world.

"The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same spirit that says 'You

work and toil and earn bread, and I eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king, who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for

enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

Lincoln's Great Speech on the Declaration of Independence

One of the greatest speeches Lincoln made during this remarkable campaign was at Beardstown, Illinois, on August 12th, the subject chosen being the Declaration of Independence.

After alluding to the suppression of the slave-trade by the fathers of the Republic, he said:

"These by their representatives in Old Independence Hall said to the whole race of men: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

"This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty and wise and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to his creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into this world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruted by his fellows.

"Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to beget tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths,

that when, in the distant future, some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle their forefathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy, and all humane Christian virtues, might not be extinguished from the land. So that no man would dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

“Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated in our chart of liberty, *let me entreat you to come back. Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution.* Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. *You may not only defeat*

me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death.

"I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of Independence." *

The Question that defeated Lincoln for the United States Senate

Against the unanimous disapproval of all his friends, Lincoln, at the Freeport discussion, asked Douglas the following question:

"Can the people of a United States Territory in a lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the foundation of a State Constitution?"

His friends said: "Douglas will answer it in the affirmative and will thus defeat you for the Senate." Regarding this Lincoln said to one of his intimate friends (evidently looking to the future presidency): "I am after larger game; the battle

* Mr. Horace White, who reported this and other speeches of Lincoln for the Chicago Tribune, said of the above address: "It was his greatest inspiration. He was tremendous in the directness of his utterances. He rose to impassioned eloquence, unsurpassed by Patrick Henry, Mirabeau, or Vergniaud, as his soul was inspired by the thought of human right and divine justice."

of 1860 [the presidency] is worth a hundred of this."

Lincoln argued with his friends that if Douglas should answer the question in the negative it would defeat him (Douglas) for the Senate; and if he answered it affirmatively it would prevent his election to the presidency in 1860, to which both were then aspiring. Lincoln's judgment proved correct, for Douglas answered the "Freeport question" affirmatively, and was elected to the United States Senate by a vote of fifty-four to forty-six for Lincoln. But immediately Douglas's speech became known in the Southern slave States the entire press denounced his "Freeport heresy" in severe language, and it was this revolt of the Southern States that rendered Douglas's election to the presidency two years later impossible.

The Bulwark of Liberty Speech

One of the most powerful and, in places, eloquent addresses delivered by Mr. Lincoln during that great contest between the "Little Giant" and the "Rail-splitter," was delivered at Edwardsville, September 13th. Among other things he said:

"What constitutes the bulwark of our liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling seacoasts, our army and our navy. These are not our reliance against tyranny.

Our reliance is the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere. *Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors. Familiarize yourselves with the chains of bondage and you prepare your own limbs to wear them. Accustomed to trample on the rights of others, you have lost the genius of your own independence, and become fit subjects of the first cunning tyrant who rises among you.*"

Lincoln's Prophetic Soliloquy

"I know there is a God"—"I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated."

The days preceding the election were days of intense anxiety to Lincoln. As the campaign went on, the opposition assailed him from every possible standpoint. His enemies, unable to attack his integrity, scoffed at his humble birth, and called him an atheist, asserting that he was not a church-member and did not believe in a God.

At this time, Mr. Newton Bateman, superintendent of public instruction in Illinois, states that Lincoln called him into his room, which was then in the State-house near his own office, and, after locking the door, he said: "Let us look over this book. I wish particularly to see how the ministers of Springfield are going to vote."

He thereupon produced a book containing a careful canvass of the voters of Springfield in which each stated his intention.

The leaves were turned over one by one, and then he sat silently for some minutes regarding a memorandum in pencil before him. At length he turned to Mr. Bateman with a face full of sadness, and said: "Here are twenty-three ministers of different denominations, and all of them are against me but three; and here are a great many prominent members of the churches, a large majority of whom are against me.

"Mr. Bateman, I am not a Christian—God knows I would be one—but I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book," and he drew from his breast-pocket a New Testament. "These men all know," he continued, "that I am for freedom in the Territories, freedom everywhere as far as the Constitution and laws permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They know this, and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage can not live a moment, they are going to vote against me.

"I do not understand it all."

Here Lincoln paused for several minutes, his features surcharged with emotion. Then he walked up and down the room in an effort to retain or regain his self-possession. Stopping at last

and speaking as though to himself, his voice still trembling with the deep emotion which possessed him while his cheeks were wet with tears, he said:

“I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know his hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready.

“I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right. Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that ‘a house divided against itself can not stand,’ and Christ and reason say the same, and they will find it so.

“Douglas ‘don’t care whether slavery is voted up or down,’ but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care, and with God’s help I shall not fail. *I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated*, and these men will find they did not read their Bibles right.”

This was spoken as though to himself with a sad earnestness of manner impossible to describe. After a pause he resumed, addressing Mr. Batesman:

“Doesn’t it appear strange that men can ignore the moral aspects of this contest? A revelation could not make it plainer to me that slavery or this Government must be destroyed. The

future would be something awful as I look at it but for this rock on which I stand.

"It seems as if God had borne with this thing [slavery] until the very teachers of religion have come to defend it from the Bible, and to claim for it Divine character and sanction, *and now the cup of iniquity is full and the vials of wrath will be poured out.*"

Nominated and Elected President

In the presidential campaign of '59, which resulted in Lincoln's election, Lincoln was invited to speak in New York and other Eastern cities.

His speech in Cooper Union, New York, which had been prepared with much care and labor, pleased his partisan friends, and made a favorable impression on the general public, though the opposition ridiculed him, the New York Herald being especially severe.

Upon returning to his home in Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln heard himself frequently mentioned as a candidate for the presidency. To one friend he wrote, "I do not think I am fit to be President." But his friends in Illinois and the West would have it otherwise, and at the convention held in Chicago, on the third ballot, Lincoln was nominated, and on November 6, 1859, he was elected President of the United States, by a vote of



Abraham Lincoln.

Photographed in 1860.

1,857,610, Douglas receiving but 1,291,574, Breckinridge, 850,022, and Bell 646,124.

Preparing to leave Springfield—A Visit to his Aged Stepmother

After the election, Lincoln remained quietly in Springfield at his modest home. Before leaving for Washington, to assume the duties of the President, he paid a visit to his aged stepmother in Farmington, Coles County, and also to the grave of his father, leaving orders to have a suitable tombstone provided for it. His affectionate parting with the good old woman who had loved him so much in his boyhood days, and for whom he had always maintained a real filial devotion, was very affecting. With tears streaming down her wrinkled face, she gave him a mother's benediction, expressing the fear that his life might be taken by his enemies. The scene was most impressive and left a deep feeling of sorrow on the soul of Lincoln as he returned to Springfield to make ready for his departure to Washington. He sold his household goods and rented his house. He said to his law partner, Mr. Herndon, as he was leaving the office for the last time, speaking of the sign-board which swung on the rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway: "Let it hang there undisturbed. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in

the firm of Lincoln & Herndon. If I live I'm coming back some time, and then we'll go right on practising law as if nothing had happened." He also said to his partner, who walked with him to his home, that "the sorrow of parting from his old associations was deeper than most persons would imagine, but it was more especially marked because of the feeling which had fixed itself in his mind that he would never return alive."

*Departure from Springfield and Farewell to his
Friends*

On the morning of February 11, 1861, the President and his party took the train for Washington, the intention being to stop over at Springfield, Ohio, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Albany, New York, and Philadelphia. At all of these places he made short patriotic speeches which made an excellent impression throughout the country. At the railway station, before the train started, a large crowd of friends collected, though it was a stormy morning. Responding to their calls, Lincoln stepped out upon the rear platform of the last car, and, pausing for a moment to suppress the evidences of his emotion, he made the following brief address:

"Friends: No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this

parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands.

“Here I have lived from my youth until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my children were born. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. All the strange checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind. So I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me.”

The Plot to Assassinate Lincoln

Immediately after the election of Lincoln, threats were frequently made by the people of the Southern States that he should not be permitted to take his office. These soon changed to the declaration that he should not live to be inaugurated. But the people of the North who had

frequently been disappointed in the defeat of their own candidates for the presidency, and had always submitted to the law, supposed that these threats were the result of the great disappointment and chagrin of those office-seekers who thought Lincoln, as the President, meant their own political ruin; and who, in the bitterness of their defeat, gave vent to their feelings in a thoughtless and hot-tempered manner.

As the time for Lincoln's departure for Washington approached, these threats had assumed a more definite form; and the press announced that there was a rumor in Washington that a plot was on foot to kill him before he should reach the Capital.

Mr. Norman B. Judd and some other personal friends of Lincoln in Chicago, as a result of these reports, engaged Allan G. Pinkerton, the detective, to ferret out the truth of the rumors; and men had already been sent to various places, notably Washington and Baltimore, to discover the plot, and, if possible, prevent its consummation.

On February 20th, while Mr. Lincoln and his party were in New York city passing on their way to Washington, a female detective, acting under Pinkerton's orders, called on Mr. Judd at the Astor House, and presented him with such an array of evidence that he became convinced of the seriousness of the scheme.

The next day, after they had arrived in Philadelphia, and at Mr. Judd's suggestion, Mr. Pinkerton himself met Lincoln and explained to him the situation. But the President could not believe it possible that his life was really in danger, and, in spite of Mr. Pinkerton's warning, did not then alter his intention to pass through Baltimore at the time already announced.

Meanwhile the friends in Washington had not been idle, and, entirely independent of, and unknown to Pinkerton, had discovered the following plot in detail:

A number of Baltimore "toughs" and gamblers, who sympathized with the secessionists, had secretly formed a conspiracy to kill Mr. Lincoln. They had already hired and partially paid some Italian murderers to stab him to death at Baltimore, either in the car in which he should be, or in the carriage in which he might be riding from one station to the other; this plan was practicable for the reason that the passenger cars could be freely approached from both sides as they remained standing on the tracks, and it was calculated that an immense crowd would be present surrounding the train. In this throng the hired assassins were to mingle, and with a number of accomplices were to enter the car and stab the President one after the other as quickly as possible.

They planned to escape into the throng, and,



in the confusion, their numerous accomplices were to assist them. A large ocean sailing-vessel lay in waiting at a convenient point near by, on which they were to get away from the country. In case the President should ride across the city, his carriage was to be surrounded by a crowd of his enemies, the horses stopped, and the horrible crime committed there.

The son of William H. Seward (afterward Secretary of State under Lincoln) brought the above details of the plot to Philadelphia and related his story to Mr. Lincoln and his friends on the evening of the same day (February 21st) that Mr. Pinkerton had shown him the evidence he had, with his male and female detectives, collected.

After Lincoln had listened to Mr. Seward's story, he asked if he had had any relation to or correspondence with Mr. Pinkerton. Being assured to the contrary, he became convinced of the conspiracy, and finally decided to place himself in the hands of his friends and comply with any arrangements they might make which would not interfere with his public engagements to speak at Independence Hall the next morning (Washington's Birthday), and at Harrisburg in the afternoon.*

* In his speech in Independence Hall the following passage has a peculiar significance:

W. H. Seward

Arrangements were accordingly at once made to foil the conspirators, absolute secrecy being essential, as the city government of Baltimore was in the hands of Lincoln's enemies; and while not openly daring to take part in such a horrible crime, the police would probably secretly aid in its accomplishment.

It was therefore publicly announced that Mr. Lincoln's route to Washington would bring him to Baltimore in the forenoon of February 23d, after the speech at Harrisburg, while it was secretly arranged that he should leave the latter place early in the evening, passing through Baltimore after midnight and arriving at the Capital early on the morning of the 23d.

To carry out this plan the cooperation of the president of the railway company was enlisted. That gentleman ordered a special car with an engine to be in waiting at Harrisburg at 6 p. m. for Lincoln's use. He also held the regular 11 p. m. train at Philadelphia for Washington, order-

"It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the mother land, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. . . . But if this country can not be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

ing the conductor to wait for an "*important package.*"

After his speech before the Legislature at Harrisburg and while Mr. Lincoln was yet at dinner at the hotel, a carriage was driven up to a side entrance.

Mr. Judd called him from the table, and Mr. Lincoln, changing his clothes, put on a Scotch cap, and, with a shawl upon his arm, quietly and without informing the other members of his party, entered the waiting vehicle with Colonel Lamon, of Springfield, Ill., as his only companion.

The "special" train (unlighted, except the engine headlight) was found waiting a little distance from the station, and they succeeded in entering it without attracting attention. They arrived at Philadelphia without incident a little after eleven o'clock, where they found the train for Washington waiting.

As soon as Lincoln and his friend boarded the train, where a section in a sleeping car was ready for them, the "important package" for Washington was handed to the conductor, and the train started on its journey, the conductor himself being unaware of the fact that he was conveying the "man of destiny" to the Capital. Immediately retiring to his berth, Lincoln was enjoying a good night's rest and passing through the enemy's coun-

try at the very hour the assassins in Baltimore were completing the details for his murder.

Lincoln and his companion arrived safely, and without disturbance, in Washington at six o'clock in the morning, where Mr. Seward and Elihu Washburne met them at the station with feelings of relief and gratitude, and conducted them at once to Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln was to remain until his inauguration.

His arrival at the Capital surprised and discomfited the conspirators, but pleased and gratified the people of the North, who did not, until years after, realize the imminent danger to the life of their chosen President.

Colonel Lamon, who accompanied Lincoln and was most urgent in his secretly passing through Baltimore, afterward discredited the entire story, and, in his work, states that Lincoln always deeply regretted yielding to his overzealous friends. He ridicules the idea and blames himself for the part he took in the "President's flight."

SEVENTH PERIOD: THE PRESIDENT

(1861-1865)

CHAPTER XI

Events leading up to the great civil war—Treason in the Cabinet of President Buchanan—The Southern Confederacy formed—War begun.

IN order that we may understand the great and difficult task which Lincoln had before him, it is necessary to briefly state the facts which led up to the great rebellion.

After Lincoln's election in November, many of the Southern people concluded they would not be ruled by a "black abolitionist," as they called him. In December the State of South Carolina withdrew from the Union (seceded).

In February, 1861, six seceding Southern States held a convention at Montgomery, Ala., forty-two persons only being present. These adopted a constitution, and elected Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens president and vice-president, thus setting up a government in opposition to the United States, especially for the purpose of protecting slavery.

Meantime the President in office, Mr. Buchanan, was surrounded by traitors, who, while taking pay for serving and defending the Union, were using their power and positions to destroy it.

Thus the Secretary of War, Mr. Floyd, sent to the States in rebellion all the guns and ammunition from the Northern States which could be transported.

The United States Treasury of New Orleans was taken possession of by the State of Louisiana, and five hundred thousand dollars robbed from the Government; Major Anderson, commanding a small body of United States troops at Charleston, S. C., was shut up in Fort Sumter, and a vessel sent secretly by the Government of President Buchanan to carry them provisions, etc., was fired on by the rebels, shot in several places, and, being unarmed, was compelled to return to New York.



Major Anderson

Traitors were everywhere, and open threats were made against the life of Lincoln—that he should be killed, and never be allowed to become President of the United States. Thus actual

war had been declared by these six Southern States against the Government some months before Mr. Lincoln had become President, and the United States Government had been robbed of almost every means of defending itself.

Indeed, in the Southern States, troops were being armed with the guns taken from the Government before Lincoln had become President. The excitement throughout the country was very great.

People did not at first understand that the seceding of these States meant the destruction of the Union and Republican form of government; and many said: "Oh, let them go! If they don't want to stay in the Union, we don't want to make them stay."

The Southern people also did not realize what the few (forty-two) leaders were doing for them. They did not think the Northern people would fight for the Government; and if Lincoln insisted on forcing them into the Union, they thought that they, with their troops, would capture Washington and set up their own government.

The rebels, or Confederates, were waiting to see if Lincoln should really become President, and then what he would do. The Government offices in Washington were filled with men in sympathy with the South, and treason was everywhere present.

Ex-Senator Dawes describes Lincoln's Arrival in Washington

Ex-Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, in telling some "personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln" before the Men's League at Pittsfield, January 19, 1901, said:

"I remember the first time that I saw Mr. Lincoln on that morning when he came to Washington ten days before he was to take the oath of office as President of the United States. He came at a time and in a manner most unfortunate for himself and his friends. It had an extraordinary effect on all classes of people. For three months previously there had been great apprehension in Congress over the safety of the President-elect, as it was believed that a conspiracy existed to assassinate him and thereby prevent his inauguration."

Speaking of Lincoln's personal appearance, he continued: "I never saw a man so unkempt, so ill-looking; his hair was disheveled, his clothes were the ones that he had worn on the sleeper from Springfield. He was long and angular. It seemed as though his body was made up of component parts of different bodies—as though his head was not in the right place. Rough and uncouth, he was a typical backwoodsman. But there was something incomprehensible in his face, something unfathomable.

"About Washington there were thousands of the poor fellows in camps who had enlisted for the service of their country. Every Saturday afternoon the Congressmen used to visit those who had come from their home districts, and I never went among those soldiers but what I saw Mr. Lincoln there. No mother ever went to Washington to intercede for her son that did not go away feeling that everything possible had been done for him. He was a great lover of justice; he never allowed a man to suffer who was not responsible for a crime.

"I saw him when he came to Washington, and I was there when he fell. Just forty days before his death I took my little boy to see him. The President took him up in his arms and said: 'My boy, never try to be President of the United States. If you do, you never will be.'

"You talk about your self-made men. He wasn't self-made. It was in him. He was created to serve his country in that momentous hour. I have never doubted that it was a miracle."

Loyalty of General Scott—The Confederates fire on Fort Sumter—Call for Seventy-five Thousand Volunteers—Sixth Massachusetts Regiment mobbed in Baltimore—Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts Regiments defend the Capitol

General Winfield Scott had remained loyal, and promised Mr. Lincoln the protection of all

the United States troops which he had at his command, and so, in spite of threats of his life, and treason all about him, he was able to take the oath of his office in peace on March 4, 1861.

On April 14th Fort Sumter, under Major Anderson's command, was captured by the Confederates, the Stars and Stripes were hauled down, and, at this insult to the nation, a thrill of indignation passed over the people of the North, arousing them to their patriotic duty. A great cry arose from all parties to defend the flag and the Union.

President Lincoln, the next day, issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteer troops to defend Washington and the Government property.

A small regiment from Pennsylvania reached Washington a day later; but the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, when passing through Baltimore two days afterward, was mobbed, and a large number killed and wounded.

The sympathizers with the South in Baltimore now burned the railway bridges leading to Washington, and tore up the tracks so as to prevent more troops from reaching the Capitol. They also destroyed the telegraph, so that for a week, from April 19th, the Capitol was cut off from communication with the North. But, in spite of these efforts of the enemy, the Seventh Regiment from

New York, and the Eighth Regiment from Boston, Mass., reached Washington in time to prevent its capture; and the loyal people there received them with a great demonstration of enthusiasm.

The Uprising of the North—Douglas's Loyalty—His Famous Speech

The people of the North were now thoroughly aroused, and the tramp of armed men was heard in every part of the country from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River.

Regiment after regiment marched off with flags flying, bands playing, and sometimes the men singing the famous war-song, "Glory, Hallelujah." The streets of every Northern city were filled with soldiers, who came together with one common impulse—to save the Union. Special railway-trains of passenger and freight-cars were rushed to Washington and other points South. Steamboats on the Mississippi River were crowded with volunteers, who were carried to Cairo, Ill., where they gathered to defend that part of the country. In fact, the entire North, West, and East was ablaze with patriotic enthusiasm and preparations for war; the shrill notes of the fife, and beat of the drum, being heard from early morning till late at night.

This spontaneous uprising of the masses of the people in defense of the flag and the Union, was a

great surprise and disappointment to the Southern conspirators and their followers; and when Stephen A. Douglas, who had been the Democratic candidate opposed to Lincoln, came out in a speech supporting him and his Administration, thousands of wavering ones in the North were won over to the Union cause. Douglas showed his loyalty to the Union in a most noble and unselfish manner. He was present at Lincoln's inauguration and showed his personal friendship by holding his hat for him when he made his speech. He immediately called on Lincoln and offered to do anything he could to assist. Lincoln told him he thought the best thing he could do would be to go to Illinois and hold his friends and followers to the cause of the Union.

Douglas accordingly went West, and on April 25th made a great speech to the members of the Illinois State Legislature. In the tumult and great excitement of the time, this speech was like a trumpet call to arms.

He stood in the same place where Lincoln had stood in opposing him. The veins of his neck and forehead were swollen with passion, and the perspiration ran down his face in streams. His voice was frequently broken with emotion, and the amazing force that he threw into the words,

"When hostile armies are marching under new and odious banners against the Government of our

country, the shortest way to peace is the most stupendous and unanimous preparation for war," seemed to shake the whole building. "That speech hushed the breath of treason in every corner of the State," says Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's partner, who was present at the time. Douglas died shortly afterward in Chicago, where a fine monument was erected to his memory.

Lincoln as President—He opposed General Scott's Plan of the Battle of Bull Run—His Sad Face

During these days of preparation everything depended upon President Lincoln. He was at work early and late, and bore the awful burden of the great duties of his office with much patience.

He was always to be seen by the people at his office, and denied nobody who called. The rich and poor were treated alike by him; and his honesty, no less than his simplicity of manner, won the sympathy and confidence of the people. In a few weeks an army of thirty thousand men was gathered, and under General McDowell's command, on July 21st, the battle of Bull Run in Virginia was fought, the Union troops being defeated, and in panic and disorder rushing back to Washington. The battle had been planned by General Scott contrary to Lincoln's judgment, who had pointed out the enemy's strong point, and

advised a different plan of attack. The terrible slaughter of men, and horrible suffering of the wounded, deeply affected the President, and from this time on, during the awful bloody battles of the great civil war, his sadness and mental suffering showed itself in his homely but expressive face.

The artist who painted the picture "Signing the Emancipation Proclamation," said of the President's face: "In repose it was the saddest face I ever knew. There were days when I could scarcely look on it without crying."



E. H. Danvers

The day after the terrible defeat at Bull Run the President issued a proclamation calling for five hundred thousand troops.

The organization and drilling of this vast body of men took many weeks and months. And few battles of importance occurred until the next year, 1862, though General U. S. Grant, with a small army, in September, 1861, entered the State of Kentucky at Paducah.

As it is not the purpose of this book to give a history of the great civil war, and yet, as it is nec-

essary to know something of that dreadful struggle in order to understand Lincoln's great services to his country in carrying it forward to a successful issue and restoring the Union, it has been thought best to collect the principal facts and place them before the reader in the order of their occurrence. (See Appendix.)

CHAPTER XII

The sleeping sentinel and the President.

IN September, 1861, during the early part of the war, William Scott, a young Green Mountain (Vermont) boy, accustomed to going to bed early all his life, to sleep long and soundly, and entirely unused to military duties, was a member of Company K in the Third Vermont Regiment. The regiment was stationed at Chain Bridge, only a few miles from Washington; a most important position, upon which the safety of the Capital depended.

One day Scott volunteered to do picket duty for a sick comrade, and thus passed the whole night marching forward and backward on guard. The next day he was himself detailed on picket duty and undertook the performance of it.

It being the second night he had stood guard, he found it necessary to make a great effort to keep awake; and from hour to hour he struggled against the feeling of sleepiness that came over him. Finally, his tired body could no longer keep on, and he was found in the morning sound asleep

at his post. For this offense he was tried by the military court, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot within twenty-four hours.

His fellow-soldiers all liked him and knew that he did not mean to neglect his duty. They felt that it was entirely owing to his kindness, in taking his sick comrade's place the night before, that had brought upon him that fatal sleepiness to which he had finally surrendered.

So his comrades called a meeting, raised a sum of money, and sent a committee of three to Washington to ask the assistance and advice of Mr. L. E. Chittenden, United States Registrar of the Treasury, he being a Vermont man, and knowing the regiment well.

This committee, including the captain of the company to which Scott belonged, marched into Washington early in the morning and called upon Mr. Chittenden in the Treasury Building.

The captain, plainly showing his excitement, said: "Mr. Chittenden, I am the man who is to blame for this whole affair. First of all, Scott's mother opposed his enlistment because of his inexperience and youth, and I promised to look after him as though he were my own boy. In this you see I failed. I must have been asleep or stupid myself that I paid no attention to the boy's statement that he was so sleepy already from standing guard *one* night for his sick comrade,

that he had fallen asleep during the day; why, Scott himself said he was afraid he could not keep awake the second night on picket duty," continued the distracted captain.

"Instead of sending another or going myself in Scott's place, as I ought to have done, I sent that poor sleepy boy to his death. I am the guilty one, Mr. Chittenden. If *any* one should be shot, I am the fellow." *

Mr. Chittenden said: "What a pity! Indeed, what a pity! The army officers complain of poor discipline and many desertions, and say they must make an example of this poor boy."

"But there must be some way to save him," returned the captain with tears in his eyes. "He is as good a boy as there is in the army, and he ain't to blame. You will help us, won't you?"

To this sentiment all assented, and said they had raised among them a sum of money, intending to hire a lawyer and have another trial; but Mr. Chittenden, at once seeing that nothing could be done except an appeal to the President, said:

"Put up your money, gentlemen. I can not take money for helping a Vermont soldier. I

* From Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration, by L. E. Chittenden. Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Bros.

know the facts in this case of which you know nothing. I fear nothing can be done; certainly, lawyers and courts can do nothing."

Finally, after a moment's thought, he added: "Come, there is only one man on earth who can save your comrade. Fortunately he is the best man in the country. We will go to President Lincoln."

Quickly leading the party over to the White House, acting entirely upon the impulse of the moment, Mr. Chittenden hurried to the little private office where the President was busy writing. Looking up, Lincoln good-naturedly exclaimed: "What is this? An expedition to kidnap somebody, or to get another brigadier-general appointed, or for your furlough to go home and vote? I can not do it, gentlemen. Brigadiers are thicker than drum-majors, and I couldn't get a furlough for myself if I asked it of the War Department."

"Mr. President, these men want nothing for themselves," spoke up Mr. Chittenden. "They are Green Mountain boys of the Third Vermont. They will fight as long as you need soldiers; they don't want promotion until they earn it, but they do want something that you alone can give them—the life of a comrade."

"What has he done?" asked the President. "You Vermonters are not a bad lot, generally."

Has he committed murder, or mutiny, or what other crime?"

"Tell him," Mr. Chittenden said to the captain.

"I can not! I can not! I should stammer like a fool! You can do it better," said the captain.

"Captain, Scott's life depends upon you," replied Chittenden, and pushing him forward toward the President, said: "You must tell the President the story. I only know it from hearsay."

Thus, standing before the President, the captain, blushing with embarrassment, commenced to stammer out his story.

The President was immediately interested; pretty soon the captain's tongue began to speak more clearly, and as he gained self-control his words flowed freely; he then gave the President a very graphic account of the sentinel's misfortune, ending by saying:

"He is as brave a boy as there is in the army, sir. Scott is no coward. Our mountains breed no cowards. They are the homes of thirty thousand men who voted for Abraham Lincoln. They will not be able to see that the best thing to be done with William Scott will be to shoot him like a traitor and bury him like a dog. Oh! Mr. Lincoln, can you?"

As the captain proceeded the President's face had become very earnest, and an intensely sad look pervaded it; as he concluded there was something like tears in his eyes, but as the captain finished he exclaimed, "No, I can't!"

Then, quick as a flash, his countenance changed, and smiling, he broke out into a hearty laugh, and turning to Mr. Chittenden, said: "Do your Green Mountain boys fight as well as they talk?"

Then, his manner softening, he went on: "But what can I do? What do you expect me to do? As you know, I have not much influence with the Department."

Mr. Chittenden answered: "I have thought the matter out. I feel a deep interest in saving the boy's life, for I think I knew his father. Now, it seems to me that if you would sign an order suspending Scott's execution until his friends can have his case examined, I might carry it to the War Department, and so insure the delivery of the order to General Smith to-day, through the regular channels of the War Office."

"No," replied Lincoln, "I do not think that course would be safe. You do not know these officers of the regular army. They are a law unto themselves. They sincerely think that it is good policy occasionally to shoot a soldier."

"I can see it where a soldier commits a crime or deserts the army, but I can not see it in such a case as Scott's."

"They say that I am always interfering with the discipline of the army, and being cruel to the soldiers."

"Well, I can't help it. I do not think an honest, brave soldier, conscious of no crime but sleeping when he was weary, ought to be hanged or shot; the country has better uses for him."

"Captain," continued the President, "your boy shall not be shot; that is, not to-morrow, or until I know more about his case."

Then turning to Mr. Chittenden he went on: "I will have to attend to this matter myself. I have for some time intended going up to the camp at Chain Bridge. I will do so to-day, and I shall then know that there will be no mistake in suspending the execution of this poor boy."

"But, Mr. President, you are thus undertaking a burden we did not intend to impose on you," said Mr. Chittenden.

"Never mind," Lincoln answered, "Scott's life is as valuable to him as that of any person in the land. You remember the remark of the Scotchman about the head of a nobleman who was beheaded? He said: 'It was a small matter of a head, but it was valuable to him, poor fellow, for it was the only one he had.'"

Seeing that remonstrance was in vain, Mr. Chittenden, the captain, and his comrades, after expressing their gratitude, departed, the latter returning to the camp.

*Lincoln's Visit to the Condemned Soldier in his
Guard-House*

The President, true to his promise, in the afternoon left the White House, drove out to the Chain Bridge camp, and immediately asked to be taken to the guard-house where Scott was confined. The boy at once knew the President by a medal, with Lincoln's homely face engraved upon it, which he had long worn suspended around his neck, and he felt so frightened when Lincoln came to him, he could hardly speak. But the President spoke so kindly and gently to him that he soon forgot his fear.

The President asked him about his people at home, about the farm, where he went to school, who his playmates were, and then he asked about his mother and how she looked, and the boy gladly took her photograph from his breast-pocket and showed it to him.

The President said: "How thankful you ought to be that your mother still lives, and if I were in your place I should try to make her a proud mother and never cause her a sorrow or a tear." Many more kind words he said, but as yet he had

not mentioned the dreadful next morning when the boy was to be shot.

Scott thought he was so tender-hearted he did not like to speak of it, and still he thought, "Why should he speak about not causing a sorrow or tear to my mother when he knows I am to die in the morning?" With this thought Scott concluded to "brace up" and tell the President he did not feel guilty of any crime, and he would ask him as a special favor if he couldn't fix it up so that the firing party who were to shoot him might be drawn from another regiment, because it was so hard to die from the hands of his own comrades.

His resolution to "speak up," however, was cut short by the President, who now stood up and said:

"My boy, stand up and look me in the face." As Scott stood up, the President continued: "My boy, you are not going to be shot to-morrow. I believe you when you tell me you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment."

At this Scott's eyes filled with tears, his lips quivered, and his throat was filled with a great lump. He could hardly control his emotion or find power to speak his surprise and gratitude.

He had expected to die the next morning, and had become used to thinking of it that way. To

have it all changed in a minute! It was too much. The President went on:

“ But I have been put to a great deal of trouble on your account. I have come up here from Washington, where I have many duties to attend to, and what I want to know is, how are you going to pay my bill? ”

The soldier finally choked down his sobs and said:

“ I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln. I hope I am as grateful as ever a man can be to you for saving my life. But it is so sudden and unexpected like, I didn't lay out for it at all. But there must be some way to pay you and I will find it after a little.”

A happy thought seemed to occur to him, and he continued:

“ There is the bounty in the savings-bank, and I guess we could borrow some money on the farm by mortgaging it; then there will be my pay as a soldier, and I guess if you will wait till pay-day the boys in the regiment will help, and so we can make it up, if it isn't more than five or six hundred dollars.”

Lincoln, sadly smiling, replied: “ But it's a great deal more than that.”

“ Then I don't just see how, but I'm sure I can find some way to pay it if I live,” said Scott.

The Sentinel's Solemn Oath

The President, placing his hands on the boy's shoulders and looking him in the eye, as though he was sorry, said very earnestly: "My boy, my bill is a large one. Your friends can not pay it, nor your bounty, nor the farm, nor all your comrades! There is only one man in the world who can pay your bill, and his name is William Scott."

"If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that if I were there when he came to die, he could look me in the face, as he does now, and say, 'I have kept my promise and have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you make me that promise and try to keep it?"

As the President spoke a great sense of the sacredness of his duty to his country came over the boy.

He was thrilled as never before with a patriotic desire to give his life in the cause of freedom and for the love of this great and good man; and, as he answered, standing erect and raising his right hand toward heaven, something like a glorious light seemed for a moment to shine upon him as he solemnly said: "I make the promise, and with God's help will keep it."

Then the boy broke down, and, grasping Lincoln's hand, sobbed convulsively. When he recovered, the President was gone, and in his hands

the soldier held an order for his immediate release and restoration to his regiment signed by the President.

Scott becomes a Hero in Battle, and dies a Glorious Death

How truly and justly the President judged the boy was soon proven, for he became the best soldier in the regiment, and was always trying to help his comrades. He was offered a promotion, but refused; and when, some months later (in March, 1862), at a great battle on Warwick River, at Lee's Mills, his regiment was ordered to assault the enemy, he proved himself a hero worthy of the proud name, "An American Soldier."

It was at four o'clock in the afternoon when the charge was sounded; unclasping their belts and holding their guns and cartridge-boxes above their heads, the Vermonters dashed into and across the stream in front of the enemy's rifle-pits and captured them.

Scott was one of the first to reach the bank, the first in the rifle-pits and the last to retreat, for the enemy was found to be too strong, and the Vermonters, being unsupported by other troops, were ordered to retreat, which they did under a terrible fire, leaving half their number on the field.

In the retreat Scott carried a wounded officer across the river and saved his life. He then re-

turned, in the face of the enemy, alone, and again brought over a wounded comrade. Once more he returned, and the enemy this time made him a target, yet he succeeded in rescuing the last man who was left on the opposite bank, but fell as he reached the shore completely riddled with bullets.

He was carried off the field by his comrades; but was so strong and powerful that he lived until the next morning. Then his comrades gathered about his cot, as he was about to die, and he sent this last message to the President, who had saved his life:

"Tell the President that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me at Chain Bridge; that I have tried to be a good soldier and true to the flag; that now, when I know I'm dying, I think of his kind face, and thank him again because he gave me a chance to fall like a soldier in battle, and not like a coward by the hands of my comrades."

His face looked happy and contented. Not a groan escaped his lips.

"Good-by, boys," he said almost cheerily, and closing his eyes, his hands folded across his breast, he was dead.

Scott was buried at the foot of a noble oak-tree, his initial letters W. S. were cut into it, and his company fired a volley over his grave.

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It was some days before Scott's message was repeated to the President by Mr. Chittenden, when Lincoln expressed his sorrow at the boy's death, and added: "He was a good boy—too good a boy to be shot for obeying nature. I am glad I interfered."

Mr. Chittenden then said: "Mr. Lincoln, I wish this matter could be written into history."

"Tut! tut!" Lincoln broke in. "None of that. You remember what Jeannie Dean said to the Queen when begging for the life of her sister?"

"I remember the incident, but not the language," replied Mr. Chittenden.

"I remember both. This is the paragraph in point: 'It is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily that we think of other people's sufferings, but when the hour of trouble comes, and when the hour of death comes—that comes to high and low—oh, then, it isn't what we have done for *ourselves*, but what we have done *for others* that we think on most pleasantly!'"

CHAPTER XIII

"A little more light and a little less noise"—Lincoln's judgment produces the Monitor and revolutionizes the naval warfare of the world—Badly scared millionaires of New York rebuffed by Lincoln—The girl with a singing in her head—A mysterious Englishman advances five million dollars to our Government.

DURING these eventful years, the dreadful losses of life in battle, the terrible defeats at Bull Run, Manassas, Antietam, etc., produced a feeling of intense anxiety throughout the North which at times vented itself in faultfindings frequently most unjust. Editors of many papers did not scruple to blame the President for everything. He was thus often made to carry the burdens of misfortunes resulting from bad generalship at the front, for which he was, of course, in no way responsible. He was also criticised most harshly by Horace Greeley, who had always opposed him, and other radical abolitionists, because he did not at once issue a proclamation of emancipation. The President, bowed with the awful responsibilities of the great conflict, and suffering, as he did, untold agony on account of the misery and hard-

ships it produced, felt keenly these slurs upon his Administration, but struggled bravely on in his mighty task, seldom murmuring any complaint.

On one occasion, however, after the New York Tribune had been particularly offensive, a noted newspaper correspondent from New York called upon Lincoln to urge some special plan of campaign. The President, weary and worn with many midnight vigils, after patiently listening to his caller, said:

“Your New York papers remind me of a little story.” And then, throwing one of his long legs over the other, while a humorous smile played about his mouth, he continued: “Some years ago there was a gentleman traveling through Kansas on horseback, as was the custom in those days. There were few settlements and no roads, and he finally lost his way. To make matters worse, as night came on, a terrific thunder-storm suddenly arose, and peal on peal of thunder, following flashes of lightning, shook the earth or momentarily illuminated the scene. The terrified traveler then got off and led his horse, seeking to guide himself as best he might by the flickering light of the quick flashes of lightning. All of a sudden a tremendous crash of thunder brought the man to his knees in terror, and he cried out:

“‘O Lord! If it’s all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise.’”

The gentleman appreciated the appropriateness of this application to the thunders of the New York press against Lincoln, and, after laughing heartily, assured him he would use his influence to "get more light and less noise" from that source.

Lincoln's Experience as a Boatman gives us the Monitor against the Unanimous Opposition of the Naval Board of Officers

In the early part of the war (1862), the Confederates thought they could destroy the warships of the Government by the construction of a large floating battery, covered with steel armor, which could resist the most powerful cannon-ball then known.

The Government soon heard of the building at Norfolk, Va., of this monster ram called the *Merimac*, and, as the news spread throughout the country, a feeling of terror pervaded the nation; for, besides ramming and sinking our war-ships, it could also destroy all the commerce of the seas and attack and bombard Washington, New York, and all the other seacoast towns.

To meet this iron-clad boat Congress appropriated a large sum of money for the building of a similar vessel called the *Galena*; but this proved a failure, and the money was wasted.

In this dilemma, Captain Ericsson came for-

ward with his plan for the construction of an armored vessel with its battery placed in a revolving turret on the deck, the deck being almost level with the water.

This plan was placed before the Board of Naval Construction and was *unanimously rejected*. All the officers of the navy were opposed to the scheme, claiming that the heavy weight of the armor would sink the ship. Finally, in despair, Ericsson presented his plan to the President, who at once saw its practicability.

To the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who said that the armor would sink the boat, Lincoln answered: "That is a matter in arithmetic, isn't it? We used to figure, on the Mississippi River, how much our flatboats and steamboats could carry to a pound."

Several meetings of the Board of Construction were then called to reconsider the matter, and finally the President's good sense and persistence prevailed, the board consenting to the construction of the Monitor.

The building of this novel floating battery was pushed with great vigor, Lincoln hoping to have it finished in time to meet the much-dreaded Merrimac.

On January 30, 1862, the Monitor was launched, and, to the great surprise and disappointment of the naval officers, and others who

had ridiculed the undertaking, when it slid into the water the vessel did not sink, but stood several inches more above the surface than Captain Ericsson had promised. Meanwhile the Confederate ram Merrimac was being rapidly finished, and was expected to come out from Norfolk on March 9th. On Friday, the 7th of March, the President, in an interview with some naval officers, said: "You do not seem to take our little Monitor into account. I believe in the Monitor and her commander. They should be in Hampton Roads [Norfolk] now; she left New York two days ago."



J. Ericsson

The officers argued against his faith, saying, "The Monitor is an experiment untried. She may be at the bottom of the ocean. We know nothing of her."

"No! no!" said Lincoln. "I respect your opinion, as you know, but this time you are all wrong. The Monitor was one of my inspirations. I believed in her when her designs were first shown me. I caught some of the inventor's enthusiasm,

which has been growing upon me ever since. I think she may be the veritable sling with a stone that shall smite the Philistine Merrimac in the forehead."

The officers then left for the scene of the battle (which was expected in Hampton Roads, every hour) more hopeful, but not convinced.

The very next day, Saturday, the 8th of March, 1862, the dreaded Merrimac appeared, and in a few moments had rammed into and sunk the great sloop of war Cumberland, nearly all her crew perishing.

The frigate Congress had been riddled, torn in pieces, and left a grounded wreck, her crew also perishing.

The other great ship Minnesota had run aground; and the iron monster, apparently satisfied with her day's work of destruction, returned to Norfolk with the evident intention of finishing the task next morning.

The news of this terrible disaster to the United States navy, spread a feeling of gloom and fear over the entire country. Every one was asking, "Where is the Monitor?"

In the midst of this feeling of fear, Lincoln stood firm as a rock in his faith, sending out words of hope and encouragement, while his enemies were already ridiculing and laughing at Lincoln's little "cheese-box," as the Monitor was called.

Throughout all the Northern cities that Sunday morning prayers were offered in all the loyal churches for the success of the President's plans.

Meanwhile the little Monitor, having been buffeted by the waves of the ocean and driven by a storm into shelter, where she lay several hours, finally arrived in Hampton Roads, at two o'clock Sunday morning, and anchored by the side of the Minnesota. Here her officers learned of the terrible destruction of the preceding day, and prepared to meet the enemy at daybreak.

Battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac

The morning opened clear and warm, and many people gathered on the banks to witness the battle.

The Confederates, jubilant over their victory of the day before, came to see the destruction of the United States battle-ship Minnesota, and the triumphant departure of their iron-clad monster for the Northern cities, to destroy, levy tribute, and humiliate the despised "Yankees."

Among those on the opposite bank were many officers and officials of the Government at Washington, who had hurried down to see if "Lincoln's cheese-box," as many had sneeringly called the Monitor, would "really accomplish anything."

They were possessed of a great fear and anxiety, owing to the terrible destruction the Merri-

mac had wrought the day before, and this feeling of dread was emphasized by the appearance near by of the wrecks of the Cumberland and the Congress.

It was shortly after sunrise when the anxious watchers on board the Minnesota discovered thick black smoke arising in the direction of Norfolk, and soon the Merrimac hove in sight.

As she rapidly approached, intending to ram and sink the Minnesota, her officer discovered a little round thing, which in the distance looked as much like a big stove-pipe hat as anything, floating on the water near her intended victim. Presently it was seen to move, and was coming toward them, and they soon discovered that it was the round turret of the Monitor, for her deck was so low (being but a few inches above the water) it could scarcely be seen.

The little "cheese-box on a raft" showed no fear of the approaching iron ram. As soon as the Merrimac came in sight, Lieutenant Worden, commander of the Monitor, ordered "full steam ahead," and bravely advanced to meet her.

It was a moment of supreme and awful suspense!

It seemed impossible that the little thing with but two guns in its revolving turret could whip that formidable floating fortress of steel, with its ten guns, which was bearing down upon her.

As they neared each other, the Washington officials on the bank held their breath in fear and dread.

But in spite of this feeling, the brave and undaunted advance of the Monitor, carrying the beloved emblem of Liberty, aroused a certain feeling of pride.

It seemed so audacious! It was a pygmy challenging a giant! It was David and Goliath over again.

The suspense was, however, soon broken by a shot from the Merrimac, which struck close to but did not hit the Monitor. Then, veering around, the Merrimac delivered her broadside of four guns. Some of these hit the deck of the Monitor, but glanced off, doing no harm.

The Union officers began to breathe again, but, "Why didn't the Monitor reply to their fire?"

Ah! Lieutenant Worden was waiting for closer contact!

Now the important moment had arrived, and from the turret of the Monitor there came the sharp retort of solid shot, followed quickly by the second gun, which revolved into place with perfect ease.

The tremendous crash of these solid shot on the steel armor of the ram could be heard over the thunders of the guns themselves, and the feel-

ing of dread in the hearts of the Union men changed to wonder and hope.

Again the Merrimac delivered her broadside, and this time a shot struck the Monitor's turret fairly, but it glanced off, doing no apparent harm.

This began to look encouraging, indeed, and some of the Union officers who had scoffed at Lincoln's "cheese-box" experienced a sudden change of heart, one of them exclaiming to his friend in an absent-minded way, "What a wonderful man 'Old Abe' is, anyway!"

The Merrimac, after trying vainly to beat off her persistent little foe with shot and shell, finally determined to ram her.

Awaiting a favorable moment, her commander, Colonel Wood, gave the order, and with "full steam ahead" she rushed upon her diminutive opponent. This sudden movement produced a feeling of consternation in the minds of those watching the fight on the Union side.

It seemed that the great iron-clad vessel would crush her antagonist by mere force of weight alone; and, as she swiftly rode forward, the Monitor, lying almost broadside to her, seemed a helpless thing, doomed to certain annihilation.

Again the watchers on shore caught their breath, and experienced a feeling of pity that such a brave and well-fought little craft should be destroyed by brute force alone. But lo! when the



The Monitor attacking the Merrimac.

ram struck the Monitor it did not sink or split, but was merely shoved along; until it swung around close to the side of her enemy.

In this favorable position the Monitor delivered her fire rapidly and with telling effect upon the Merrimac.

One shot, indeed, entered a port-hole of the iron monster, causing considerable destruction and killing and wounding several.

Those on land could not repress a shout of wonder and joy at this unexpected exhibition of endurance of their little defender, for, practically, that little insignificant, round turret and *two* guns was all that stood between them and destruction by this dreaded "ram."

It was the knight-errant of invention and science fighting for Columbia and her cause.

Soon after this the Merrimac gave up the contest and steamed back to Norfolk as fast as possible, having been seriously injured by the Monitor's fire and fairly beaten.

The latter remained, the unpretentious victor of one of the most momentous events in the history of naval warfare.

The officials and people of the Union side sent up a great shout when they saw the boasted "ram," the iron "terror" of the Confederacy, whipped, and cheers upon cheers were heard from the officers and men on the Minnesota who had been saved

from destruction by Lincoln's "cheese-box." The Washington officials rushed to the telegraph office at Newport News, near by, and sent the glorious news to the President, who immediately had it sent over the wires throughout the nation, and people, who had gone to church in the morning filled with gloom and apprehension, returning from the service were greeted by the newsboys shouting, "Great victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac!"

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy afterward, speaking of the fight which he witnessed, said: "The splendid handling of the Monitor throughout the battle was marvelous. The first bold advance of the diminutive vessel against a giant like the Merrimac was grand and awe-inspiring.

"One would have thought the Monitor a thing of life; no man was visible. You saw her moving around in a circle delivering her fire, always at the point of contact, and heard the crash of her shot against her armored foe above the thunder of her guns. It was indescribably grand. Now," continued the Secretary, "let me make a confession, and perform an act of simple justice. I never fully believed in armored vessels until I saw this battle. I know all the facts combined to give us the Monitor.

"I withhold no credit from Captain Ericsson,

her inventor, but I know that the country is principally indebted for the construction of this vessel to President Lincoln and for the success of her trial to Captain Worden, her commander."

The victory was received with loud huzzas and great rejoicing throughout the nation.

Thus it will be seen that the common sense and wide experience of the President on the Western rivers during his early life succeeded in accomplishing for this country what the learned and scientific prejudices of the naval officers would have prevented.*

*The Badly Scared Millionaires of New York City
rebuffed by Lincoln*

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax (who was Vice-President under General Grant during his second term) related the following incident, pointedly showing that the President keenly felt the selfishness of that class of money speculators who were fattening on the misfortunes of the country, and enriching themselves by discrediting the Government's legal tenders, while purchasing the bonds

* One of the last shots of the Merrimac struck the pilot-house of the Monitor, seriously injuring Captain Worden's eyesight. For a few minutes the boat drifted without direction. When Ensign S. D. Greene took his place and turned to resume the fight, the Merrimac was already on her way back to Norfolk.

bearing heavy interest, also at a discount, and paying for them in the very currency they had purposely cheapened. It was in March, 1862, during the exciting days related in the previous story of the Monitor, at the time when "the dreaded Merrimac" had escaped from Hampton Roads and was supposed to be making its way to New York city to destroy it as far as possible, that a deputation of New York's moneyed men waited upon the President.

The newspapers had already announced their intended visit, and stated that they represented one hundred million dollars.

The President accorded them an interview without delay, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax being present at the time.

The spokesman of the party stated their fears for the safety of their city, and pictured the vast wealth that might be destroyed, the possible loss of human life, and gave every evidence that they were badly frightened at the possibility of the dreaded monster (the Merrimac) visiting their homes. He then introduced one after another of the gentlemen, stating that this one was worth ten millions, that one seven millions, and another represented fifty millions, etc. He further stated that they had paid their taxes and had bought the Government bonds, and felt that their great interests should be protected.

At the conclusion Lincoln said:

"Well, gentlemen, the Government has no vessel as yet, that I know of, which can sink the Merrimac. The Government is pretty poor; its credit is not very good; its legal tenders are worth only forty cents on the dollar in Wall Street, and we have to pay a high rate of interest on our loans. Now, if I were in your place, and had as much money as you say you represent, and was as badly frightened as you appear to be, I'd go right back to New York and build some war-vessels and present them to the Government." *

The Girl from New Salem with a Singing in her Head

Among the numerous delegations which thronged Washington during the early part of the war was one from New York urging the sending of a fleet of war-vessels and troops to Southern cities—Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile—with the object of drawing off the rebel army from the Capitol.

Lincoln listened with great patience and respect, saying, when they had concluded: "This project reminds me † of the case of a girl in New

*Lincoln once said to David R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby), "Wealth is a superfluity of what we don't need."

†Selected from Carpenter's Recollections, and published by permission of The Independent.



Salem, Ill., who was greatly troubled with a singing in her head. Various remedies were suggested by the neighbors, but nothing afforded relief. At last a man came along—a common-sense sort of a man [inclining his head deferentially to the committee]—who was asked to prescribe for the difficulty. After due inquiry and examination, he said:

“ ‘The cure is very simple.’

“ ‘What is it?’ was the anxious question.

“ ‘Why,’ replied he, ‘make a plaster of psalm-tunes and apply to the feet, and draw the singing down!’ ”

*A Mysterious Englishman advances Five Million Dollars to the Government **

In 1862 Mr. Charles F. Adams, our Ambassador to Great Britain, learned that two armored vessels were being built in England for the Confederacy. When completed they were to be taken to one of the British West India Islands, where the Confederate Government would take possession of them, man them with sailors and soldiers, arm them with guns, and proceed to destroy all the ships of the United States, armed or not, which they could find.

* Rewritten from Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration, by L. E. Chittenden. Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Bros.



In short, they were to be fitted up as pirates, to destroy all our ships, and then proceed to attack our cities along the seacoast and burn them.

Mr. Adams, seeing the great danger to the Union of these vessels, acted with great energy, endeavoring to make the British Government seize them, or prevent their departure.

But the sympathy of the British Government was with the South, and, although the case was plainly one of duty to a friendly government, they refused.

At this time the single telegraph cable to Europe became inoperative, and Lincoln and the people here, expected soon to hear that these two destroyers of commerce, and vessels of murder and rapine, would soon be heard from upon our shores.

Mr. Adams finally succeeded in getting copies of the commissions bearing Mr. Davis's (the Confederate President) signature, giving the names of his officers to command these boats; and this additional proof compelled the British Government to pause and, at the last minute, decide to comply with his demand.

The decision came too late, however, to enable Mr. Adams to take advantage of it, as it required five million dollars deposit to secure the retention of the ships, which would sail within three days at the furthest.

Mr. Adams could not telegraph to Washington

to secure the money; he knew of no one in England of whom he could borrow such a vast sum without security, and it appeared to him that the British lawyers had purposely put off their de-

cision so as to make it worthless to him. He was in despair.



Charles Francis Adams

About an hour after the decision of the courts reached Mr. Adams, and when he had given up all hope of arresting the ships, a quiet-looking gentleman called upon him and said: "Mr. Adams, may I be favored with

the opportunity of making the deposit of gold required by the decision to obtain the arrest of the armored ships?" He continued: "It occurred to me that even if the United States Government had that amount to its credit here, there might be some embarrassment or difficulty in getting it out for immediate use, so, to avoid such possible delay, I am prepared to furnish the gold at once."

Mr. Adams was astounded, and grasping the gentleman's hand he said: "Had a messenger descended from heaven in a car of fire I could not

be more astonished. It seems almost like a miracle!"

As soon as he could recover from his surprise a great feeling of relief and happiness came over him, and he could hardly express his feeling of gratitude.

The English gentleman then said: "I must, however, insist upon *one condition*, and that is, that my name shall *never* be made known to *any* one in connection with the matter."

This Mr. Adams finally agreed to, and thus the mysterious Englishman, whose name not even Lincoln ever learned, brought timely aid to our country, which probably saved millions of dollars' worth of property, and prevented much suffering and possible death to many loyal Americans.

Mr. L. E. Chittenden, Chief Registrar of the United States at this time, relates that Mr. Adams agreed to give this mysterious Englishman United States bonds to the value of ten million dollars as security for this loan.

This large number of bonds was especially issued without the customary numbers, and was not registered, this being done to conceal the name of the Englishman.

In order to get these printed and delivered on board the steamer in time to reach England in accordance with the agreement of the Ambassador, Mr. Chittenden, the Registrar, worked inces-

santly, writing his signature without intermission, for nearly forty-eight hours.

As a result of this extra strain upon his nerves, his hand became useless, and eventually he was compelled to resign his position. However, owing to his heroic perseverance and suffering, the bonds were delivered on time, and the transaction so successfully begun by Mr. Adams was thus completed.

CHAPTER XIV

Lincoln's "leg cases"—He dismisses a Union officer for treasonable language—The widow and her wounded son—How Lincoln plowed around the Governor—The "chin fly" story—Making a minister out of mud—Writing a pardon in bed—Lincoln and the sick drummer—The poor woman and her two sons.

THE President so disliked to sign a death-warrant that sometimes the judge-advocate general of the army despaired of punishing men in the army for cowardice and desertion.

Lincoln would say, after he had explained a case, "Well, I will keep this a few days until I have more time to read the testimony"; or, again, "I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living."

Finally, one day the judge brought him the case of a soldier who, in the crisis of a battle, demoralized his regiment by throwing down his gun and hiding behind a tree. The evidence was plain, and not denied—the court-martial condemned him to be shot. He had no father, mother, wife, or child to plead for him, and the judge thought

surely this was a case that could only meet with the President's approval; but Lincoln, after running his fingers through his hair, said: "Well, after all, judge, I think I must put this with my 'leg cases.'"

"Leg cases!" exclaimed the judge, frowning at the supposed levity of the President. "What do you mean by 'leg cases,' sir?"

"Why, why," replied the President, "do you see those papers crowded into those pigeonholes? They are cases that you call by that long title, 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy'; but I call them for short, my 'leg cases,' and I put it to you, and leave it to you, to decide for yourself, if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help them running away with him?"

The President dismisses a Union Officer for Treasonable Language

Soon after the battle of Antietam the President heard many stories of officers and men who were hostile to him in the Army of the Potomac.

To these he paid no attention, until one day he was told that a major, John J. Key, who was on McClellan's staff, had replied to a brother officer, who asked the question, "Why was not the rebel army 'bagged' [captured] immediately after the battle near Sharpsburg?" that "That

is not the game. The object is that neither army shall get much the advantage of the other. That both shall be kept in the field till they are exhausted, when we will make a compromise and save slavery."

Upon hearing this the President sent a letter to the major, informing him of the serious charge, and inviting him to disprove it within twenty-four hours from date, September 27, 1862.

In a few minutes the major appeared at the White House with the officer who had asked him the question.

The President immediately made the men tell exactly what had been said.

Major Turner answered: "As I remember it, the conversation was this: I asked the question why we did not 'bag' them [the Confederate Army] after the battle of Sharpsburg?

"Major Key replied: 'That was not the game. We should tire the rebels and ourselves out; that that was the only way the Union could be preserved; then we will come together fraternally, and slavery will be saved.'"

Major Key did not deny this, though he stoutly maintained his loyalty to the Union cause.

The President said: "Gentlemen, if there is a game, even among Union men, to have our army not take any advantage of the enemy it can, it is my object to break up the 'game.'"

He then wrote out an order for the immediate dismissal of the officer, saying:

"In my view it is wholly inadmissible for any man holding a military commission from the United States to utter such sentiments as Major Key is proved to have done.

"Therefore, let Major John J. Key be forthwith dismissed from the military service of the United States."

The dismissed officer left the room ashamed and crestfallen, and his discharge carried fear into the ranks of those who were hoping to prevent the success of the Union armies, and at the same time perpetuate slavery, which caused the war.

Lincoln afterward said to a friend: "I dismissed Major Key because I thought his silly treasonable expressions were 'staff talk,' and I wished to make an example."

The Widow and her Wounded Son

In the spring of 1863, one morning a sad and anxious-looking lady appeared at Fort Henry, Baltimore, before the commanding officer.

She said: "I am a widow, a resident of Nashville, Tenn., but although a native of that State, I have no sympathy with the rebellion. I have an only son who was a student at the outbreak of the war, and now, just after the battle of Nashville, I learn that, without my consent, he has

That on the first day of January in the year of
our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-
three, all persons held as slaves, within any
state, or designated part of a state, the people
whereof shall then be in rebellion against the
United States, shall be then, thenceforward,
and forever free: and the executive govern-
ment of the United States, will, ~~including the military and naval authority thereof~~ ^{including the military and naval authority thereof} ~~during the con-~~
~~tinuous~~ ^{and maintain the freedom of} ~~office of the present session,~~ ^{cognize} such persons, ~~as being free~~, and will
do no act or acts to repress such persons or any
of them in any efforts they may make for their
actual freedom.

That the executive will, on the first day of Janu-
ary, aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the
states, and parts of states, if any, in which the

enlisted in the Confederate Army, and has been severely wounded and taken prisoner by the Union forces. I have been searching for him ever since, following him to Louisville, Wheeling, W. Va., and thence to Fort Henry. Here I learn that he is in the hospital."

The mother was anxious to see her boy, but only a short time before, orders had come from the War Department prohibiting any visitors to prisoners of war.

The surgeon was sent for, and assured the faithful mother that her son would recover, and finally, to relieve her anxiety, the surgeon said:

"Let me show you, madam, one or two of our prisoners' wards, so you may see for yourself how well our Government takes care of the sick and wounded enemies who are captured."

The widow gladly accepted the invitation; but they had hardly entered the room when the anxious woman discovered her boy through the half-opened door of an adjoining room.

Rushing forward, she exclaimed, "Oh, my blessed boy, I must see you if I die for it!" and quickly reached the cot where her son was lying.

The astonished surgeon followed, only to see her on her knees holding her boy's head on her bosom. The kind-hearted surgeon then turned away and left them together undisturbed.

The lady soon returned to the office and said:

"Oh, sir, my boy is sorry he joined the army, and wishes to give his parole never to enter the Confederate service again. Will the authorities permit this? May I go again to headquarters?"

"Certainly," said the surgeon, and soon after she had a letter from the commandant to the Secretary of War.

In two days she returned from Washington and told her story:

"I took your note to General Hoffman, who went with me to Secretary Stanton's office. As we entered, the Secretary was writing at his desk. General Hoffman said: 'Mr. Secretary, this is the lady I spoke to you about. She wishes to consult with you about releasing her son, a prisoner of war, wounded, in the hospital at Fort Henry.'

"The general then left me alone. After a minute the Secretary turned in his chair and abruptly said, in a severe tone: 'So *you* are the woman who has a son, a prisoner of war, at Fort Henry?'

"'I am so unfortunate,' I said. Then the Secretary shouted in a loud voice: 'I have nothing to say to you, and no time to waste over you. If you have raised up sons to rebel against the best government under the sun, you and they must take the consequences.'

"I attempted to tell him my story, but he

would not listen, and fairly yelled at me in an insane rage—

“‘I don’t want to hear a word from you. I have no time to waste, and want you to go at once.’

“‘I left,” she said, “and am thankful I escaped alive. Oh! why are such men entrusted with authority?” and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

After a moment of silence the commandant of Fort Henry asked if she could go again to Washington? She answered, “Yes, but not to see that man.”

The next day he drew up a statement of the case, addressed to the President, asking a parole for the boy, which the surgeon signed, as did also the lady.

After an absence of three days she returned, with joy in her face and with tears glistening in her eyes. Handing the officer the paper with the order freeing her son written in pencil upon it, she exclaimed with deep emotion: “My boy is free! Thank God for such a President! He is the soul of goodness and honor.”

She then gave the commandant the order, which read as follows:

“GENERAL: You will deliver to the bearer, Mrs. Winston, her son, now a prisoner of war at

Fort Henry, and permit her to take him where she will, upon his taking the proper parole never to take up arms against the United States.

“ [Signed.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

The lady then said: “The President treated me with the kindness of a brother. When I was shown into his presence he was alone; he immediately arose and, pointing to a chair by his side, said: ‘Take this seat, madam, and tell me what I can do for you.’ I took the envelope and asked if he would read the enclosures. ‘Certainly,’ he replied, and proceeded to read the documents very carefully. When he had finished, he turned to me, and with emotion said: ‘Are you, madam, the unhappy mother of this wounded and imprisoned boy?’

“ ‘I am,’ I said.

“ ‘And do you believe he will honor his parole if I permit him to take it and go with you?’ he continued.

“ ‘I am ready, Mr. President, to risk my personal liberty upon it,’ I replied.

“ ‘You shall have your boy, my dear madam,’ he said. ‘To take him from the ranks of rebellion and give him to a loyal mother is a better investment for this Government than to give him up to its deadly enemies.’

“ Then, taking the envelope, he wrote with his

own pencil the order which you see upon it. As he handed it to me he said: 'There! Give that to the commandant at the fort. You will be permitted to take your boy with you where you will, and God grant he may prove a great blessing to you and an honor to his country.' "

The boy was soon removed from the fort, and, under the tender nursing of his mother, was able, in a few months, to resume his studies in a Northern college.

How Lincoln "Plowed Around" the Governor

General James B. Fry related that upon one occasion the Governor of a State came to him full of complaints against the President about the number of troops required from his State, and the method of drafting them.

"I finally took him to the Secretary of War," said the general, "where, after a stormy and fruitless interview with Stanton, he went alone to see the President.

"After waiting some hours, anxiously expecting important orders from the President, or at least a summons to the White House to explain matters, the Governor returned, and said, with a pleasant smile, 'I am going home by the next train, and merely dropped in on the way to say "Good-by!" "

"He did not speak of his business interview

with Lincoln, and as soon as I could see the President I said: 'Mr. President, I am anxious to learn how you disposed of Governor ——. He went to your office from the War Department in a towering rage. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you entirely satisfied.'

" 'Oh, no,' replied the President. 'I did not concede anything. You know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field?'

" 'To the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday, he announced that he had gotten rid of the big log.'

" ' "Got rid of it!" said they. "How did you do it? It was too big to haul away, too knotty to split, too wet and soggy to burn; what did you do?"

" ' "Well, now, boys," replied the farmer, "if you won't tell the secret, I'll tell you how. I just plowed around it."

" 'Now,' said Lincoln, 'don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of the Governor. *I just plowed around him*; but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at.'

Thus the great President had settled a difficult matter by simply entertaining the Governor with his wit and humour for three hours.

*The Presidential Chin-fly Story**

One day before Lincoln's renomination for the presidency, a friend spoke to him of a certain member of his Cabinet who was also a candidate in opposition to him.

Mr. Lincoln said: " I don't concern myself about that. It is important to the country that the department over which my rival presides should be administered with vigor and energy, and whatever will stimulate the Secretary of that department to such action will do good.

" My friend," the president continued, " you were brought up on a farm, were you not? Then you know what a *chin-fly* is.

" My brother and I," he went on, " were once plowing on a Kentucky farm. I was driving and he held the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion he rushed across the field so fast that I, with my long legs, could scarcely keep pace with him. On reaching the end of the furrow I found an enormous chin-fly fastened on him, and knocked him off.

" My brother asked: ' Why did you do that? ' I told him I did not want the horse bitten in that way. ' Why,' said he, ' that's all that made him go.'

* Selected from Carpenter's Recollections, and published by permission of The Independent.

"Now," said Lincoln, "if Secretary —— has a presidential chin-fly on him, I'm not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department *go*."

Making a Minister out of Mud

An incident illustrating Lincoln's keen sense of the ludicrous, regardless of the character or position of persons or ideas caricatured, occurred during the last year of the war. About that time a delegation of clergymen waited on the President in reference to the appointment of army chaplains. The delegation consisted of a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and an Episcopal clergyman. They said that the character of many of the chaplains was notoriously bad, and they had come to urge upon the President the necessity of more discretion in those appointments.

"But, gentlemen," said the President, "that is a matter with which the Government has nothing to do; the chaplains are elected by the members of the regiments."

Not satisfied with this, the clergymen pressed in turn a change in the system.

Mr. Lincoln heard them through without a remark, and then said:

"Without any disrespect, gentlemen, I will tell you a little story.

"Once in Springfield, Ill., I was going off

on a short journey, and reached the depot a little ahead of time. Leaning against the fence outside the station was a little darky boy, whom I knew, named Dick, busily digging with his toe in a mud-puddle. As I came up I said: 'Dick, what are you about?'

" 'Making a church,' said he.

" 'A church?' said I. 'What do you mean?'

" 'Why, yes,' said Dick, pointing with his toe. 'Don't you see? There's the steps and there's the door, here's the pews where the folks sit, and there's the pulpit.'

" 'Yes, I see,' said I, 'but why don't you make a minister?'

" 'Laws,' answered Dick with a grin, ''cause I hain't got mud enough.' "

Lincoln Writes a Pardon while in Bed

Mr. Carpenter, in his interesting little book *Six Months in the White House*, relates the following: *

" My friend Kellog, representative from Essex County, New York, received a despatch one evening from the army to the effect that a young townsman whom he had induced to enlist had, for a serious misdemeanor, been convicted by a

* Selected from Carpenter's *Recollections*, and published by permission of *The Independent*.

court-martial and was to be shot the next day. Greatly agitated, Mr. Kellog went to the Secretary of War and urged in the strongest manner a reprieve. Stanton was inexorable. 'Too many cases of the kind had been let off,' he said, 'and it was time an example was made.' Exhausting his eloquence in vain, Mr. Kellog finally said:

" 'Well, Mr. Secretary, the boy is not going to be shot; of that I give you fair warning.'

" Leaving the War Department, he went directly to the White House, although the hour was late. The sentinel on duty told him he had special orders to admit no one whatsoever that night.

" After a long parley, by pledging himself to assume the responsibility of the act, the Congressman passed in. The President had retired, but, indifferent to etiquette or ceremony, Judge Kellog pressed his way through all obstacles to his sleeping apartments. In an excited manner he stated that a despatch announcing the hour of the boy's execution had just reached him.

" 'This man must not be shot, Mr. President,' said he. 'I can't help what he may have done! Why, he is an old neighbor of mine. I can't allow him to be killed.'

" The President had remained in bed, quietly listening to the vehement protestations of his old friend (they had been in Congress together). He

at length said: 'Well, I don't believe shooting will do him any good; give me that pen,' and so saying, he wrote out a reprieve which gave the young man another chance and a new lease of life."

Thus it was that the kind-hearted Lincoln brushed official red tape aside and defied all precedent to save the lives of the soldiers.

Lincoln and the Sick Drummer Boy

Among a large number of persons waiting in the room to speak with the President on a certain day in November, 1864, was a small, pale, delicate-looking boy, apparently thirteen years old.

Mr. Lincoln saw him standing, looking feeble and faint, and said:

"Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want."

The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and with bowed head and timid accents said: "Mr. President, I have been a drummer boy in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken sick and have been in hospital for a long time. This is the first time I have been out, and I came to see if you could not do something for me."

The President looked at him kindly, and said: "Where do you live?"

"I have no home," replied the boy.

"Where is your father?" continued Lincoln.

"He died in the army."

"Where is your mother?"

"My mother is dead also. I have no home, no mother, no father, brother or sister, and"—bursting into tears—"no friends; nobody cares for me."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said:

"Can't you sell newspapers?"

"No," replied the boy, "I am too weak; and the surgeon in the hospital said I must leave, and I have no home and no place to go."

The President at once took out one of his own cards and wrote on it, "Take care of this poor boy," and addressed it to an official to whom his request was law, saying, as he handed it to the boy, "There, my little man, you will find some one who will care for you."

The wan face of the little drummer boy lighted up with a happy smile as he took the card and stammered his thanks, and he went away convinced that he had at last a true friend in the person of the President.

The Poor Woman and her Two Sons

An instance showing the President's keen sense of justice occurred during the closing year of the

war, as related by a Mr. Murtagh, of the Washington Republican. Said he:

"I was waiting my turn to speak to the President when my attention was attracted by the sad, patient face of a woman advanced in life, who, in a faded shawl and hood, was among the applicants for an interview. Presently Mr. Lincoln turned to her, saying in his accustomed manner:

" 'Well, my good woman, what can I do for you this morning?'

" 'Mr. President,' said she, 'my husband and three sons all went into the army; my husband was killed in the battle of ——. I get along very badly since then living all alone, and I thought I would come and ask you to release to me my eldest son.'

"Mr Lincoln looked in her face a moment, and in his kindest accents replied:

" 'Certainly! certainly! If you have given us *all* and your prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys.'

"He immediately made out the order discharging the young man, which the woman took, and thanking him gratefully, went away.

"I had forgotten the circumstance," continued Mr. Murtagh, "till last week, when happening to be there again, who should come in but the same woman. It happened that she had gone herself to the front with the President's order, and

ascertained that the son she was in search of had been mortally wounded in a recent battle and taken to the hospital. She found the hospital, but her boy was dead or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts on the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman had found her way again into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said:

" 'I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking. I shall release to you your second son.' Upon this he took his pen and commenced writing the order.

" While he was writing, the grief-stricken woman stood by his side, the tears streaming down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his hair as I have seen a fond mother caress her son.

" By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper, saying, most tenderly, and controlling his voice with difficulty: 'Now you have one and I have one of the other two left; that is no more than right.'

" She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand upon his head, said:

" 'The Lord bless you, Mr. Lincoln! May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation.' "

CHAPTER XV

"It was the baby did it"—The President ejects an insolent officer—He reinstates a Union officer—A young officer compels Lincoln to obey orders—He repeats poetry for Mr. Carpenter—He replies angrily to Joseph Medill.

THE President was always very fond of little children. In Springfield he had one or two of his little boys with him nearly always. And when his favorite son Willie died, in February, 1862, the loss nearly drove Lincoln insane. He suffered so intensely and his grief was so great that his friends became anxious for his health.

His love for little children, and kind consideration for the poor in distress, is well illustrated by the following anecdote, which was related by "old Daniel," the private servant of President Lincoln:

A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting three days with a baby in her arms to see the President. It appeared from her story that her husband had sent a substitute to the army, but afterward, when intoxicated, was induced to

enlist. Upon reaching the post assigned to his regiment he deserted, thinking the Government was not entitled to his services. Returning home, he was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot.

Said Daniel, in relating it: * "She had been waiting three days and there wasn't a chance for her to get in.

"Late in the afternoon of the third day the President was going through a passage to his private room to get a cup of tea. On the way he heard a baby cry; he instantly went back to his office and rang the bell.

" 'Daniel,' said he, 'is there a woman with a babe in the anteroom?'

"I said: 'Yes, sir, and if you will allow me to say it, it is a case you ought to see, for it is a matter of life and death.'

"Lincoln said: 'Send her to me at once.'

"She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband.

"As the woman came out from his presence her eyes were lifted in prayer, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. I went up to her, and, pulling her shawl, said: 'Madam, it was the baby that did it.'"

* Selected from Carpenter's Recollections, and published by permission of The Independent.

The President ejects an Insolent Officer

That Mr. Lincoln could be firm in the cause of justice, as well as lenient in the cause of mercy, is shown by the following incident which occurred at the White House in 1864:

Among the callers one day there appeared an officer who had been cashiered from the service.

He had prepared an elaborate defense of himself, and he consumed much time in reading it to the President.

When he had finished, Mr. Lincoln replied that even upon his own statement of the case the facts did not warrant his (the President's) interference. Greatly disappointed and crestfallen, the officer withdrew. A few days afterward he came again and went over practically the same ground without accomplishing his purpose.

The third time he forced his way into Mr. Lincoln's presence, who, with great forbearance, again listened to the repetition of his arguments, but made no reply.

The man evidently seeing in Mr. Lincoln's face no sympathy for him, turned abruptly and said:

"Well, Mr. President, I see you are fully determined not to do me justice."

This was too much even for Mr. Lincoln, who, without showing any feeling, quietly arose, and

laying some papers upon the desk, suddenly seized the man by his coat-collar and marched him to the door, saying, as he ejected him into the hall, "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure but not insult."

In a whining tone the man begged for his papers which he had dropped.

"Begone, sir," said the President. "Your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again."

A Union Officer Reinstated by the President

The high sense of justice, as well as the political sagacity of Lincoln, is well illustrated by the following story told by Mr. E. W. Andrews:

"I was still on duty in the defenses of Baltimore when the presidential campaign of 1864 occurred. I had been a lifelong Democrat and I favored the election of McClellan, the candidate of my party. One evening in September, 1864, I was invited by a few friends to go with them to a Democratic meeting. I agreed to go for a few minutes only.

"To my surprise and annoyance, I was called on by the audience for a speech. Being obliged to say something, I contented myself with a short expression of my regard for McClellan and stated

my intention to vote for him. I made no reference to Mr. Lincoln and soon left the hall.

"The next day an order came from Secretary Stanton, directing me to be mustered out of service. No reason was given, no opportunity for defense.

"As I was and always had been a Union man, as I had a brother and three sons in the Union Army, and as I learned that my speech at the meeting, when reported to Stanton, had made him very angry and caused him to utter severe threats against me, I determined to go to Washington to find out the reason of his attempt to disgrace me.

"As no other pretext could be given for the Secretary's action, I resolved to appeal to the President.

"I gave my statement of the facts to a member of Congress with the request that he would ask Mr. Lincoln whether the dismissal was by his order, knowledge, or consent.

"He did so. The President immediately replied: 'I know nothing about it; of course Stanton does a thousand things in his official character which I can know nothing about, and which it is not necessary that I should know anything about.'

"Having heard the case, he added:

"Well, that's no reason. Andrews has as good a right to hold on to his Democracy if he chooses, as Stanton has to throw his overboard.

"If I should muster out all my generals who

avow themselves Democrats, there would be a sad thinning out of the commissioned officers of the army. No!' he continued, 'when the military duties of a soldier are fully and faithfully performed, he can manage his politics his own way. We have no more to do with that than with his religion.'

" 'Tell this officer he can return to his post, and if there is no other or better reason for his dismissal by Stanton, it shall do him no harm; the commission he holds will remain good as new. Supporting General McClellan is no violation of army regulations; and as a question of taste, choosing between him and me—well, I'm the longest, but McClellan is better-looking.' "

Thus, with a jest, Lincoln disposed of a case which Stanton, in his ill-temper, would have made a great fuss about, and which would, without doubt, have caused Lincoln's own defeat at the election if he had supported him in it.

By insisting that every soldier should be given perfect liberty to vote as he wished, the President made many friends and won the admiration even of his enemies.

*At the Battle of Fort Stevens President Lincoln
Obeyes the Orders of the Officer of the Day*

When the Confederate Army, under General Early, tried to capture the Capitol, July 11, 1864,

the President and many of his Cabinet went out to witness the battle.

Mr. Chittenden, the Registrar of the Treasury, relates the incident as follows: *

"Leaving the ditch, my pass carried me to the fort, where, to my surprise, I found the President, Secretary Stanton, and other civilians.

"A young colonel of artillery, who was officer of the day [commander], was in great distress because the President would expose himself, and gave no attention to his warnings.



"The officer said the enemy had already recognized him, he knew, for they were concentrating their fire on him, and a soldier standing near had just been shot through the thigh.

"He asked my advice, for he said, 'The President is in great danger.'

"'What would you do with me under like circumstances?' I asked.

* From Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration, by L. E. Chittenden. Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Bros.

“‘I would civilly ask you to take a position where you were not exposed,’ he answered.

“‘And if I refused to obey you?’ I queried again.

“‘I would send a sergeant and file of men, and make you obey,’ he replied.

“‘Then treat the President just as you would me or any civilian,’ I said.

“‘I dare not; he is my superior officer. I have taken an oath to obey his orders,’ the officer exclaimed.

“‘He has given you no orders. Follow my advice and you will not regret it,’ I urged.

“‘I will,’ he replied. ‘I may as well die for one thing as another. If he were shot I should hold myself responsible.’ He then turned to where the President was looking over the parapet.

“‘Mr. President,’ he said, ‘you are standing within range of five hundred rebel rifles. Please come down to a safer place. If you do not it will be my duty to call a file of men and make you.’

“‘And you would do quite right, my boy,’ said the President, coming down at once; ‘you are in command of this fort, and I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience.’”

Sitting for his Portrait—The President repeats Passages from Shakespeare and other Poets—"Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

That Lincoln was one of the best educated and most refined men who ever occupied the presidential office is proved beyond a doubt as we become better acquainted with his remarkable life. This is the more to be wondered at because he had practically no schooling, and never even saw the inside of a college until after he had become a distinguished lawyer.

But he thirsted after knowledge. He never ceased to be a student; and even while President, with all the terrible burdens of war resting upon him, he was a frequent visitor to the Smithsonian Institution, where Mr. Joseph Henry, the superintendent, found him one of his most appreciative and interesting callers.

Mr. B. F. Carpenter, the artist, who painted the great historic picture, Signing the Emancipation Proclamation, during the year 1864, was, for six months, daily at the White House. Among the many interesting incidents which came under his observation nothing was more characteristic than the President's great fondness for poetry. At one sitting, Lincoln repeated from memory the king's soliloquy from Hamlet, commencing with the line, "Oh, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven."

He then quoted from the play of Richard III the soliloquy and other lines, showing himself familiar with these and other works of the "bard of Avon." At this sitting, at the request of Mr. Carpenter, he repeated one of his most favorite poems, which through Lincoln's fondness for it has become famous. It is given herewith for its lofty sentiment, its general tone of sadness, no less than the beauty of its thought; the simple directness of its expression illustrates in an admirable manner the character of the great martyr President.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE
PROUD?

BY WILLIAM KNOX

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter has worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
 The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes—like the flower or the weed
 That withers away to let others succeed;
 So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
 We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
 We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
 And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
 From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
 To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
 But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we can not unfold;
 They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
 They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
 They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
 And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis a wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath—
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death.
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
 Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Upon another occasion an actor who, like many others, thought the President merely a vulgar ignoramus, upon being introduced to Lincoln, was astonished at his great knowledge of Shake-

speare's plays, and at his ready and just criticism of Mr. Hackett, the Falstaff of his time, of whom the President said: "Hackett's lack of information regarding Shakespeare's plays caused me to doubt that he had ever read the text." The actor found the President a better Shakespearean scholar than himself, and afterward thanked his friend for permitting him to know the President as a gentleman and a scholar.

Lincoln's Angry Reply to Joseph Medill and his Chicago Friends

During the last years of the great war the tremendous strain and worry had commenced to undermine the health of the President. He passed many sleepless nights and suffered terribly, especially during the awful battles which caused so much loss of life and misery. He became at times almost ill-tempered, irritable we should say, because of the fearful mental strain and nervous exhaustion consequent upon his great responsibilities.

To a lady whose son's life he had saved, and who in gratitude exclaimed, "May Heaven bring you reward and peace!" he said, with bowed head, as though his burden was too great to bear: "I shall never know peace again."

Of this period of worry and weariness the following anecdote, related by Miss Ida M. Tarbell,

in her most interesting articles in McClure's Magazine, exhibits the Martyr President in a different but none the less human and interesting aspect.*

She writes:

"The late Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, once told me how he and certain leading citizens of Chicago went to Lincoln to ask that the quota of Cook County be reduced.

"'In 1864, when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted,' said Mr. Medill. 'She had already sent twenty-two thousand men up to that time, and was drained. When the new call came, there were no young men to go—no aliens except what were bought. The citizens held a mass meeting, and appointed three persons, of whom I was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook County a new enrolment. I begged off; but the committee insisted, so I went. On reaching Washington, we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused entirely to give us the desired aid. Then we went to Lincoln. "I can not do it," he said, "but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides." So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Fry were there, and they, of course, contended that

*From Miss Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln*, by permission of McClure, Phillips & Co., publishers.

the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and finally was referred to Lincoln, who had been sitting silently listening. I shall never forget how he suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face.

“ “Gentlemen,” he said, in a voice full of bitterness, “after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South as New England has opposed the South. It was you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry out the war you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home and raise your six thousand extra men. And you, Medill, you are acting like a coward. You and your Tribune have had more influence than any paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men.”

“ “I couldn’t say anything. It was the first time I ever was whipped, and I didn’t have an

answer. We all got up and went out, and when the door closed, one of my colleagues said: "Well, gentlemen, the old man is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Let us never say anything about this, but go home and raise the men." And we did—six thousand men—making twenty-eight thousand in the war from a city of one hundred and fifty-six thousand. But there might have been crape on every door almost in Chicago, for every family had lost a son or a husband. I lost two brothers. It was hard for the mothers.'"

CHAPTER XVI

SHORT STORIES, IDEAS, AND QUOTATIONS

Lincoln's own estimate of his mental powers—Sentence of Calhoun's speech—General Grant's whisky—His reply to a titled applicant—Canvased hams—The jack-knife story—Brigadiers and horses—Size of the Confederate Army—"There's one of my children isn't dead yet!"—The strict judge—"On the Lord's side"—The henpecked husband—"How many legs will a sheep have?"—The three pigeons on a fence—"Not rebels, but Confederates."

MR. SPEED, Lincoln's old Springfield friend, says: "He read law, history, philosophy, and poetry—Burns, Byron, Milton, or Shakespeare—and the newspapers, retaining them all about as well as an ordinary man would any one of them who made any one of them a study. I once remarked to him that his mind was a wonder to me; that impressions were easily made upon it and never effaced.

"‘No,’ said he, ‘you are mistaken. I am slow to learn and slow to forget that which I have learned. My mind is like a piece of steel—very hard to scratch anything on it, and almost

impossible after you get it there to rub it out.' ”

Mr. Speed added: “The beauty of his character was its entire simplicity. He had no affectation in anything.”

Lincoln greatly admired a sentence from Calhoun’s speech replying to Mr. Clay, in the Senate, in which Mr. Clay had quoted precedent: Mr. Calhoun replied that “to legislate upon precedent is to make the error of yesterday the law of to-day.”

General Grant’s Whisky

Just after the battle of Pittsburg Landing a self-constituted committee of prohibitionists took it upon themselves to visit the President and urge the removal of Grant. The President, greatly surprised, inquired for what reason. “Why,” replied the spokesman, “he drinks too much whisky.”

“Ah!” rejoined Lincoln, dropping his lower jaw; “by the way, gentlemen, can any one of you tell me where General Grant procures his peculiar whisky, because if I can find out I will send every general in the field a barrel of it!”

Noble Titles no Obstacle to Advancement

Lincoln’s dry humor is very aptly illustrated by the following: During the latter part of the war a former lieutenant in a foreign army, whose

debts had compelled him to leave his native land, was admitted to the President and offered his services in the Union Army. Lincoln accepted the offer and promised him a commission.

The young man was so elated at his success that he could not resist the desire to exploit his title of nobility, and said, in an appropriately modest and deprecating manner: "Mr. President, in my own country my family is noble, and I bear a title of very ancient nobility. I——"

Mr. Lincoln here, with a twinkle in his eye, interrupted in a friendly and reassuring manner, saying:

"Oh, never mind that; you will find *that* to be no obstacle to your advancement."

Canvased Hams

Mr. Lincoln was always ready to laugh at the expense of his own person. One evening at the White House when dressed for a State dinner, conversing with some gentlemen, he held up his big, long hands, encased in white kid gloves, remarking with a laugh: "One of my Illinois friends could never see my hands in this predicament without being reminded of canvased hams!"

The Jack-knife Story

He used to tell the following story with great glee:

"In the days when I used to be on the circuit, I was once accosted in the cars by a stranger, who said:

" 'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article which belongs to you.'

" 'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished.

"The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket.

" 'This knife,' said he, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, and with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier-looking than myself. I have carried it from that time to this; allow me now to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.' "

Brigadiers and Horses

Of a juvenile brigadier-general who, with his horse, had been captured by the Confederates, Lincoln said to a friend who brought him the news:

"I am sorry to lose the horse."

"What do you mean?" inquired his friend.

"Why, I mean," replied Lincoln, "that I can make a better brigadier-general any day; but those horses cost the Government one hundred and twenty-five dollars a head."

The Size of the Confederate Army

Toward the latter part of the war a gentleman asked the President how large the Confederate

Army was, and to his great astonishment he replied: "The Confederates have 1,200,000 men in the field."

"Is it possible?" inquired the man. "And how did you find out?"

"Why," said Lincoln, "every general in the Union Army whenever he gets licked says the rebels outnumbered him three or four to one; now we have at this time about 400,000 men, and three times that number would be 1,200,000, wouldn't it?"

"There's One of my Children isn't Dead yet!"

During the darkest days of the war a telegram was received by Lincoln from Cumberland Gap, stating "that firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville."

"I'm glad of it!" exclaimed the President.

Some one present, who had the perils of Burnside's position uppermost in his mind, asked:

"Why are you glad of it, Mr. President?"

"Why, you see," answered Lincoln, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a large family; occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim: 'Thank the Lord, there's one of my children isn't dead yet!'"

The Strict Judge

In conversation with a member of his Cabinet, Lincoln said he knew a judge who once said he would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but that he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand was used in the operation.

"On the Lord's Side"

A clergyman, at one of Lincoln's receptions, closed his remarks by saying he "hoped the Lord was on our side."

"I am not at all concerned about that," replied Lincoln, "for I know the Lord is *always* on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

The Henpecked Husband

When General Phelps took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early in the war, he issued a proclamation, somewhat bombastic in tone, freeing the slaves. To the surprise of many persons the President took no official notice of it. Some time passed, when one day a friend took him to task for his apparent indifference to so important a matter.

"Well," said Lincoln, "I feel about that a good deal as a man who I will call Jones, whom I once knew, did about his wife. He was one of

those meek men, and had the reputation of being henpecked. At last one day his wife was seen switching him out of the house. A day or two afterward a friend met him on the street, and said:

“ ‘ Jones, I’ve always stood up for you, as you know, but I am not going to do it any longer. Any man who will stand quietly and take a switching from his wife deserves to be horsewhipped.’ ”

“ Jones looked up with a wink, patting his friend on the back.

“ ‘ Now, don’t,’ said he. ‘ Why, it didn’t hurt me any, and you’ve no idea what a power of good it did Sarah Ann!’ ”

“ How many Legs will a Sheep have ? ”

About the time the question of emancipation was being agitated, and previous to the time when the President considered it wise or practicable, a deputation one day waited upon him urging that he should issue a proclamation at once declaring freedom to all the slaves in the States then fighting against the Union.

In reply, Mr. Lincoln said:

“ If I issue a proclamation now, as you suggest, it will be as ineffectual as was the Pope’s celebrated bull against the moon. It can not be enforced.

“ Now, by way of illustration,” he added,

"how many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?"

They answered "Five."

"You are mistaken," replied Lincoln, "for calling a *tail* a *leg* does not make it so."

With this simple illustration he showed them the fallacy of their position better than any learned syllogism would have done.

Three Pigeons on a Fence

Upon another occasion, when Lincoln wished to impress upon a delegation the need of great patience and care, lest by hasty action some of the border slave-States, like Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, might be influenced to join the secession movement, he said:

"If there be three pigeons on a fence and you fire and kill one, how many will there be left?"

They replied "Two."

"Oh, no," said he, "there would be none left; for the other two, frightened by the shot, would have flown away."

Not Rebels, but Confederates

Dr. Jerome Walker, of Brooklyn, relates that just one week before the President's assassination he escorted him through the various hospitals in Washington. After visiting the wounded Union

soldiers, they came to those wards where the sick and wounded Southern prisoners were, and he said:

“Mr. President, you won’t want to go in there; they are only rebels.”

Lincoln stopped, and, laying his hands upon Dr. Walker’s shoulders, said:

“*You mean Confederates.*”

He thereupon went through all the Confederate wards, paying as much attention and speaking as kindly to them as he had to the Federal soldiers.

CHAPTER XVII

The President relieves the fears of the Secretary of War by an illustration—"By Jingo! Butler or no Butler, here goes"—He tells General Grant some stories—Gives freedom to many imprisoned for resisting the draft—The Gettysburg address.

The Complaining Governor and the Squealing Boy

ONE of the Northern governors who was a very earnest and able supporter of the Union cause, and who was untiring in raising troops and keeping up the war spirit, was fond of having his own way, and did not like to conform to the general military system which had become necessary to the army.

On one occasion he complained more bitterly than usual, and in a long letter warned the authorities at Washington "that the execution of the Government military orders in his State would be beset with difficulties and dangers."

The tone of the despatches gave rise to fear that the Governor might not fully cooperate in the important military movements then under way, and Stanton, the Secretary of War, being greatly troubled, laid them before the President for advice and instruction.

Lincoln, when he read them, was not disturbed in the least. In fact they rather amused him.

After having read all the papers, he said, in a cheerful tone: "Never mind, never mind; those despatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead."

"The Governor is like a boy I saw once at a launching. When everything was ready, they picked out a small boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger, and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He had to do the job well by a direct and vigorous blow, and then lie down flat and keep still, while the ship slid over him.

"The boy did everything right, but yelled as if he was being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the hide was all scraped off his back; but he wasn't hurt at all.

"The master of the shipyard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he *always squealed* in that way. Now, that's the way with Governor —; make up your mind that he is not hurt, and that he is doing the work all right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it."

The same Governor's loyalty and zeal in the

Union cause, as time went on, proved exactly as the President had predicted, and the Secretary's fears were thus proved to be unnecessary.

"By Jingo! Butler or no Butler, here goes"

One morning a Congressman went up to the White House on business, and saw in the ante-room an old man crouched all alone in a corner, crying as if his heart would break.

This was so common an occurrence that he paid no attention to it; but on going again the next day on business, he saw the same man crying, and stopped, saying to him, "What's the matter with you, my man?"

The man, in answer, told him the story of his son who had been convicted by a court-martial in Butler's army and sentenced to be shot the next week.

He said also: "Our Congressman is so convinced of his guilt that he will not help or interfere."

"Well," said Mr. A——, "I will take you into the President's office after I get through, and you can tell Mr. Lincoln all about it."

When Mr. A—— entered and introduced this man, Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, my old friend, what can I do for you?"

The man then repeated the story he had told to Mr. A——.

While he was speaking the President's face became sad and serious as he replied:

"I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram received from General Butler yesterday."

The President then read the following:

"MR. PRESIDENT: I pray you not to interfere with the court-martial of this army. You will destroy all discipline among the soldiers.

" [Signed.] B. F. BUTLER."

As the President read these words, they seemed like a death-knell to the poor boy, and the old man's anguish and despair mastered him so completely that he burst into sobs which shook his whole body. His grief affected Lincoln very deeply, and after a minute's struggle with himself, he exclaimed:

"By Jingo! Butler or no Butler, here goes."

He took the pen, and writing a few words, handed them to the man.

Mr. Lincoln's exclamation led the applicant to think he had written an order for his son's release, so, when he read the President's order as follows:

"Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me. ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

he said: "Why, Mr. President, I thought it was to be a pardon; but you say, 'Not to be shot

till further orders,' and you may order him to be shot next week!"

Lincoln smiled at the man's fears, and replied:

"Well, my old friend, I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

The man now understood the President's kindly intention to pardon his son, as soon as he could without offending the general, and went away happy and grateful.

Lincoln tells General Grant a Funny Story

A short time before the final surrender of the Confederates, General Grant told the President that the war must soon come to an end, and asked him whether he should try to capture Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, or let him escape from the country.

Lincoln said: "That reminds me of a story.

"There was once an Irishman who had signed the Father Mathews temperance pledge. A few days after, he became terribly thirsty, and finally applied to a bartender in a saloon for a glass of lemonade, and while it was being mixed he leaned over and whispered to him, 'And couldn't ye put a little brandy in it, all unbeknownst to meself?'"

He then said: "Let Davis escape all unknown to yourself if you can."

*Lincoln gives Freedom to the Men in Pennsylvania
Imprisoned for resisting the Draft*

Mr. Joshua R. Speed, the tried and true friend of Mr. Lincoln, while residing in Springfield, Ill., gives the following account of his last interview with the President, which occurred in Washington about ten days prior to his second inauguration:

"Congress was drawing to a close; the President had to give much attention to bills he was about to sign. The great war was at its height; visitors from all parts of the country were coming and going to the President, with their complaints and grievances, from morning until night, with almost as much regularity as the ebb and flow of the tide, and he was worn down in health and spirit.

"On this day, when I entered the room, I noticed, sitting near the fireplace, dressed in humble attire, two ladies modestly waiting their turn. One after another the visitors came and went, some satisfied, others displeased, at the result of their mission. The hour had arrived to close the door against all further callers.

"No one was left in the room except the President, the two ladies, and myself. With a

rather peevish and fretful air he turned to them and said: 'Well, ladies, what can I do for you?'

"They both commenced speaking at once.

"From what they said, he soon learned that one was the wife and the other was the mother of men who had resisted the draft in western Pennsylvania.

" 'Stop,' said he, 'don't say any more. Give me your petition.'

"The old lady responded: 'Mr. Lincoln, we've got no petition, we couldn't write one, and had no money to pay for writing it, and I thought best to come to see you.'

" 'Oh!' said he, 'I understand your cases.'

"He rang his bell and ordered one of the messengers to tell General Dana to bring him the names of all the men in prison for resisting the draft in western Pennsylvania.

"The general soon came with the list.

"Lincoln then inquired if there was any difference in the charges or degrees of guilt.

"The general replied that he knew of none.

" 'Well, then,' said the President, 'these fellows have suffered long enough, and I have thought so for some time, and now that my mind is on the subject, I believe I will turn out the whole flock. So draw up the order, general, and I will sign it.'

"It was done, and the general left the room.

"Turning to the women, Lincoln said: 'Now, ladies, you can go.'

"The younger of the two ran forward and was in the act of kneeling in thankfulness.

" 'Get up,' he said, 'don't kneel to me, but thank God and go.'

"The old lady now came forward with tears in her eyes to express her gratitude. 'Good-by, Mr. Lincoln,' said she. 'I shall probably never see you again till we meet in heaven.'

"These were her exact words. She had the President's hand in hers, and he was deeply moved.

"He instantly took her right hand in both of his own, and, following her to the door, said: 'I am afraid, with all my troubles, I shall never get to the resting-place you speak of, but if I do, I am sure I shall find you. That you wish me to get there is, I believe, the best wish you could make for me. Good-by.'

"We were now alone. I said to him: 'Lincoln, with my knowledge of your nervous sensibility, it is a wonder that such scenes as this don't kill you.'

"He thought for a moment, and then answered in a languid voice: 'Yes, you are to a certain degree right. I ought not to undergo what I so often do. I am very unwell now; my feet and hands of late seem to be always cold, and I ought,

perhaps, to be in bed. But things of this sort you have just seen don't hurt me, for, to tell you the truth, that scene is the only thing to-day that has made me forget my condition, or given me any pleasure. I have in that order made two people happy and alleviated the distress of many a poor soul whom I never expect to see. That old lady,' he continued, 'was no counterfeit. The mother spoke out in all the features of her face. It is more than one can often say, that in doing right one has made two people happy in one day.

" 'Speed, die when I may, *I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.*' "

Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

“But in a larger sense we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

“The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that *we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.*”

LINCOLN'S TRIUMPH

(1865)

CHAPTER XVIII

His second inauguration—The President at Petersburg is mistaken for a rebel—The Confederate Government destroyed—Lincoln enters Richmond amid demonstrations of great joy from emancipated slaves—General Pickett's wife and the President—Lincoln's last official act was to save a life—His assassination—His Code of War adopted at the Peace Conference at The Hague.

ON March 4, 1865, Lincoln was inaugurated the second time. In his address the following paragraph occurred:

“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.”

The lofty and sublime thought here expressed exercised a powerful and healing influence upon the minds of the people, which survived even the

terrible shock of the President's assassination which followed so soon afterward.

Lincoln impersonates a Virginian Tobacco Owner and is called a Rebel by a Union Officer

Dr. J. E. Burriss, of New York, who was serving as a soldier in the Union Army and was a participant in the taking of Petersburg, related to the writer the following incident which illustrates the great President's appreciation of the humorous and his willingness to take or make a joke:

"When the advance of the Union Army entered Petersburg, guards were at once placed about the public buildings and tobacco warehouses. We boys, many of us, wanted tobacco, and when we came upon a large warehouse, near which we halted, a grand rush for the place was made. But there we met the guards with 'strict orders' not to permit any foraging.

"There was a general protest, some saying,

" 'We deserve all we can take, after fighting and marching so many days.'

"Finally, grumbling groups of soldiers formed and talked the matter over with considerable resentment at the commanding general for his protection of the enemy's property. 'To the victors belong the spoils' was the general cry.

"While we were thus considering 'ways and means' of getting at their tobacco, and cursing

the commanding general, one of us spied an elderly man standing some distance off. He wore a slouch hat, and his brown, sunburned face and general appearance suggested to the soldier that he was a Southerner. Suddenly a soldier exclaimed: 'Let's go over and see that old fellar. Perhaps he owns the warehouse!'

"So a delegation approached the 'old Virginian,' as they supposed, and the spokesman accosted him thus:

" 'Say, do you own that tobacco warehouse?'

"The 'old fellar,' with a smile and twinkle in his eyes, remembered long afterward, said slowly and with a sort of drawl:

" 'Well, perhaps I do, boys. Why do you want to know?'

" 'Well, you see, we've been a-fighting and marching, and we're hungry for some tobacco, and the blamed guard won't let us have a single chew.'

" 'That does appear to be rather rough, I reckon. It's a shame,' answered the old fellar, sympathetically.

"Thus encouraged, several flocked around him and asked if he would give us some.

"The old 'Southerner' quietly walked over to the entrance and asked the guard: 'May I see the officer in command, please?'

"Upon this a young lieutenant with a bril-

liant new uniform pompously strode forward. To the request of the 'farmer' the young officer brusquely answered:

" 'Who are you? Do you own this warehouse?'

" With a sudden look of surprise and pain at the officer's manner, the ' Southerner ' said:

" ' Will you please call your superior officer?'

" ' Not for any — rebel son of a —', replied the lieutenant, almost bursting with his own importance.

" At this, the ' rebel ' took out a notebook, and writing hastily, asked if there was an orderly with a horse to be had; and one of the men, all of whom were ashamed of the lieutenant, came forward and volunteered to deliver the note, which was addressed to General U. S. Grant.

" In a few minutes General Grant, covered with dust, came galloping up in great haste. He sprang from his horse and, grasping the hand of the ' old rebel,' exclaimed:

" ' Mr. President, how can I serve you?'

• " The lieutenant now became pale, and trembled with fear, while the soldiers sent up a shout; as the news spread, cheering could be heard among the crowds in the distance. Approaching the President, the abashed young officer stammered an apology, expecting instant dismissal.

"Lincoln, with some severity, said to him: 'Young man, don't always judge by appearances. And treat your elders with more respect in the future.' The boys were then given a sufficient quantity of tobacco to satisfy their desires for some time."

Lincoln enters Richmond amid the Wildest Enthusiasm of the Colored People

A few weeks after the inauguration, General Grant's stubborn campaign against the Confederate Army around Richmond culminated in the great battle of Five Forks, Va., and on April 2d Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy, was burned and evacuated by the Confederate Army.

On April 9th General Lee surrendered the last of the Confederate armies at Appomattox.

Mr. Lincoln, with members of his Cabinet and some friends, on the 10th of April visited Richmond, and walking like a simple citizen through the streets, was given an enthusiastic welcome by the colored people, who had received their freedom from slavery at his hands.

Such demonstrations of delight, such shouting and hurrahs by these colored people, whose masters had fled from the city, was indeed a most uncommon sight.

Many rushed forward to shake his hand, some to kneel at his feet, while others, with tears stream-

ing from their eyes, shouted, "Glory, Hallelujah! the Day of Freedom is come!"

Mr. Lincoln's entrance into the enemy's ruined Capital was most unique, and *unlike any other conqueror in the history of the world.*

Without any parade or display, with but a squad of soldiers to accompany him, he quietly walked through the streets, filled with a feeling of pity and charity for his enemies, joy at the thought that the war was over, and gratitude that he had been permitted to carry out what he considered to be the will of Almighty God, not only in restoring the Union, but also in abolishing slavery.

There was an utter lack of pomp or ceremony such as on former historical occasions have characterized the triumphal entrances of great rulers and military heroes. One needs but to recall Napoleon Bonaparte's pompous entry into Berlin in 1806, and the galling humiliation to the Prussians it occasioned; or the more recent triumphal and brilliant, though less aggravating, appearance of Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck with the German Army, at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, in Paris, to observe the great difference.

But in Lincoln's great soul there was no room for feelings of revenge or malice, and while there is scarcely a doubt that he was exalted and thrilled

with the glory of the triumph of the Union cause, he felt keenly for the sorrows and sufferings of the Confederates.

The correspondent of the New York Herald of April 11, 1865, describing Lincoln's arrival at Richmond, wrote:

"There was the wildest enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants, white and black; the whole population seemed to pour into the street. The blacks were exceedingly demonstrative, greeting him as a second Messiah; some falling on their knees in the street and, with uplifted hands, thanking God that they had been permitted to see the man who had delivered them from bondage."

The New York Tribune of the 8th said:

"Crowds rushed out for a glimpse of the tall figure as he walked into the city attended by a few friends and a score or two of soldiers. The joy of the negro knew no bounds. It found expression in whoops, in contortions, in tears, and incessantly in prayerful ejaculations of thanks."

General Pickett's Wife and Lincoln—Lincoln the True Friend of the South

In the memoirs of General George Edward Pickett, Mrs. Pickett relates an interesting incident which occurred at Richmond after it had fallen into the hands of the Union Army and during the President's visit.

It appears that Pickett's appointment to a cadetship at West Point was partly owing to Lincoln's efforts, and Mrs. Pickett quotes several ex-

tracts from letters written by the kind-hearted friend to the young cadet.



G. Pickett

In one of them he writes: "Now, boy, in your struggle for existence, don't you go and forget the old maxim that 'one drop of honey catches more flies than half a gallon of gall.' Load your musket with this maxim and smoke it in your pipe." When the

President went to Richmond, Mrs. Pickett came to him with her little child in her arms. The lady thus describes the incident:

" 'I am George Pickett's wife,' I said.

" 'And I am Abraham Lincoln.'

" 'The President?'

" 'No, Abraham Lincoln. George's old friend.'

"Then Lincoln took the child and kissed it, and said in that deep and sympathetic voice which was one of his greatest powers over the hearts of men: 'Tell your father, rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your mother's smile and your bright eyes.' "

Mrs. Pickett says that her husband's reverence for President Lincoln was intense. When the tragic message of his assassination reached General Pickett, he cried:

"My God! my God! The South has lost her best friend and protector; the surest, safest hand to guide and steer her through the breakers ahead."

The Assassination and Death of the President

On the 14th of April, in accordance with Mr. Lincoln's wishes, the Stars and Stripes were again raised over Fort Sumter with firing of cannon and appropriate ceremonies. It was there that the war had begun, just four years before, and this was to indicate to the world that the war was ended.

The President, happy at the great results which he had been able to accomplish for the Union and humanity, yielded to his wife's request to attend the theatre in the evening. Throughout the North there was great rejoicing, and, in every large city, processions during the day and fireworks at night gave expression to the feelings of thankfulness. Everywhere throughout the Union Lincoln's name was greeted with loud cheers.

The President, in the evening of this most eventful day, accompanied his family to the theatre, arriving a little after nine o'clock. The

large audience arose and greeted him with rousing cheers. About ten o'clock a man by the name of J. Wilkes Booth entered the box where the President was sitting, and, drawing a pistol, fired at him, the ball lodging in his head. The President, without a groan or cry of any kind, sank to the floor, while the murderer jumped out of the box on to the stage, and, running across it, escaped to the street, where he sprang upon a horse and fled.



House in which Mr. Lincoln died.

Lincoln was borne into a house near by and died at half-past seven the next morning.

After the shooting in the theatre the great audience arose and gave one cry of horror. The play was stopped, and the audience dismissed.

The news of Lincoln's death caused most intense sorrow, not only throughout the Union, but all over the world.

He was mourned by millions in the North as though he had been their own father. Strong men, hearing of his death, wept like children, and the heart of the entire nation seemed bursting with grief. In Europe, kings and

princes, as well as the masses of the people, joined in the most tender expressions of sorrow, and it seemed that the heart of humanity itself was torn with grief, while sobbings were heard throughout the civilized world. The gentle and loving champion of human rights and liberty, was dead, and his soul ascended to heaven amid such a wail of sorrow as had never before been heard. The history of the world furnishes no such example of universal mourning, because Lincoln not only loved and suffered for mankind, but he was

“An honest man, the noblest work of God.”

Lincoln's Last Official Act was to save a Life

The last official act of Abraham Lincoln was to sign a paper to let a man live who was condemned to die. An hour later Lincoln was himself dying; the man whose life he saved lived nearly thirty-five years longer. He was George E. Vaughn, who died in Maryville, Mo., in 1899.

Before the war Vaughn, with his wife and children, lived in Canton, Mo. He was a friend of Martin E. Green, a brother of United States Senator James S. Green, both strong pro-slavery men. At the opening of the war Martin E. Green recruited a regiment and received a colonel's commission from the Confederate Government. George Vaughn enlisted under Green's command and fought through the war.

After a period of fighting, Green and Vaughn crossed into Mississippi from Tennessee, camping at Tupelo, Miss. Not having heard from his family, Green was anxious to hear from his old home, so he delegated Vaughn to go on the mission of delivering letters to his wife.

Vaughn had almost completed his trip, having reached La Grange, six miles south of Canton, when he was captured by a squad of Federal troops.

They searched his person, and, finding letters and papers concealed about him, he was tried as a spy and sentenced to be shot. John B. Henderson, Senator from Missouri, finally succeeded in getting an order from the President for a retrial, but the verdict remained as hitherto. Again Henderson appealed to Lincoln, who granted a third trial, with the same result.

Henderson was not disconcerted, and again went to Lincoln. It was on the afternoon of April 14, 1865—a melancholy date—that the Senator called at the White House. He called the attention of Lincoln to the fact that the war was practically closed, and said: "Mr. Lincoln, this pardon should be granted in the interest of peace and conciliation."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "Senator, I agree with you. Go to Stanton and tell him this man must be released."



Statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

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Henderson went to the office of the Secretary of War. Stanton became violently angry, and swore that he would permit no such procedure.

Vaughn had but two days to live, and Henderson hastened to make one more stand. After supper he went to the White House. The President was in his office, dressed to go to Ford's Theatre, when the Senator entered and told of the meeting he had had with Stanton.

Lincoln turned to his desk and wrote a few lines on an official sheet of paper. As he handed it to Senator Henderson he remarked: "I think that will have precedence over Stanton."

It was an order for an unconditional release and pardon—the last official paper ever signed by Abraham Lincoln.

*Lincoln's Code of War and the Peace Conference
of 1899*

Aside from the emancipation of the slaves, history has recently given a lofty position to one of Lincoln's many humane acts, which shows how truly he lived and labored for the good of mankind, and how greatly he honored and ennobled his nation.

Mr. William Stead, in a letter written at The Hague during the International Peace Conference, writes on June 1, 1899, as follows:

"CREDIT TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"It is very interesting to Americans to know that in the historical retrospect with which Professor Martens opened his case for the Russian scheme, he attributed the *original* initiative of the whole movement to Abraham Lincoln, whose code for the guidance of the Federal troops during the war served as the *first* example of the *effort of humanity* to reduce the laws of war within reasonable limits."



Stone presented to the President by citizens of Rome, Italy.*

* TRANSLATION OF INSCRIPTION.—"To Abraham Lincoln, President, for the second time, of the American Republic, citizens of Rome present this stone, from the wall of Servius Tullius, by which the memory of each of those brave assertors of liberty may be associated. Anno 1865."

CHAPTER XIX

AFTERWARD

Lincoln's great name a mantle of protection to all Americans in foreign lands.

SEVERAL years after Lincoln's death (1874) the writer, then a student in Germany, was traveling in Switzerland. Arriving early one morning at the little village of Thusis, at the northern end of the Via Mala pass, he entered an inn for breakfast; as he seated himself at a table, he was surprised and delighted to notice hanging on the wall, directly in front of him, a fine engraving of Abraham Lincoln.

It was like meeting an old friend; and so far away from America, too, in that little place among the Alps at the foot of high mountains which are always covered with snow. The first thought was, here is a Swiss gentleman who has lived in the United States, and has brought this picture back home with him. So, when the landlord entered, I said, "Excuse me, sir, but have you not been in the United States?"

"No, indeed!" he replied; "but why do you ask?"

"That picture of Lincoln," I said, "where did you get it?"

"Oh, that picture! Why, that I bought at Lucerne; it is the only one in this canton [county], and I would not sell it for forty gulden!" he exclaimed.

Now thoroughly interested, I again asked:

"What made you buy it?"

He answered very earnestly, "Because I loved the man and his principles. He was a great man."

"Were you ever in America?" he then said.

"Oh, yes! I am an American," I replied.

"What! A native-born American!" he exclaimed, reaching out his hand. "Give me your hand. I am proud to meet a countryman of the great Lincoln," he continued. "Now you must stay with me and let me show you the points of interest about here."

"I thank you," said I, "but I don't like to take up your time."

"It will be a pleasure to me to devote the day to an American," he answered. "Now, there are those beautiful ruins up on the mountain yonder which were built many hundred years before Christ was born, and I know the only path by which to climb up to them. I will go with you, and from that high mountain I can show you the an-

cient watch-towers all along up the valley, which the Romans built many hundred years ago for their soldiers to occupy, to go forth and fight the barbarians."

"You are very good!" said I, "and since your love and reverence for Abraham Lincoln has prompted your kindness, in his name I will thank you." *

So presently we started, and I enjoyed one of the happiest and most profitable days of my entire journey, because I was a countryman of the good and great Lincoln.

It was his life of kind deeds, his poverty and struggle, his honesty and truthfulness, and his final death for the cause of liberty and Union of the States, which, away off there, thousands of miles from America, had won for me this generous hospitality. The little incident shows that a single character may ennoble and glorify a nation; a single name, like magic, secure consideration and protection to a race.

* Excerpt from an address delivered at Packard's Business College, New York City, 1895.

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APPENDIX

BATTLES AND GREAT EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR, ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

1862

February 6th.—Fort Henry, Ky., captured by the Union army under General U. S. Grant with the aid of gunboats on the Tennessee River.

February 16th.—Fort Donelson, on the Tennessee River, in Kentucky, surrendered to General Grant.

March 8th.—The Monitor, the first armored vessel with guns in a revolving turret, invented by Ericsson, disabled the monster iron-clad ram the Merrimac with which the Confederates the day before had sunk two United States ships of war—the frigate Congress and sloop Cumberland.

April 6th and 7th.—The battle of Pittsburg Landing, where defeat was turned into a victory for the Union army, under General Grant's command.

April 24th.—A fleet of United States war-ships under Admiral Farragut successfully pass the Confederate forts guarding the Mississippi River and the city of New Orleans.

April 25th.—Occupation of New Orleans by the Union army under General Butler.

June 26th to July 6th.—Battles under General Mc-

Clellan, including Malvern Hill. Defeat and retreat of the Union Army of the Potomac.

July 2d.—The President calls for 300,000 men to serve three years.

August 4th.—The President again calls for 300,000 men for nine months' special service.

August 16th.—McClellan evacuates Harrison's Landing.

August 30th.—Second battle of Bull Run (Manassas) and defeat of the Union armies under General Pope.

September 8th.—The enemy under General Lee enters Maryland.

September 15th.—The Confederates under Stonewall Jackson capture Harper's Ferry.

September 16th and 17th.—Battle of Antietam, and retreat of the Confederate army under General Lee.

September 19th and 20th.—Battle of Inka, Miss., and victory of the Union army under General Rosecrans.

September 22d.—The President announces his intention to issue a proclamation, January 1st, freeing all the slaves in the Confederate States.

October 3d and 4th.—Battle of Corinth, Miss., and victory of the Union army.

November 5th.—McClellan relieved and General Burnside placed in command of the Army of the Potomac.

December 13th.—Battle of Fredericksburg and defeat of the Union army under General Burnside.

December 27th and 28th.—General Sherman, aided by General Porter, assaults Vicksburg unsuccessfully.

December 31st.—Battle of Murfreesborough and victory of the Union army.

1863

January 1st.—Proclamation of Emancipation by the President, giving freedom to nearly 5,000,000 colored people in the Confederate States.

January 1st.—The French Government offers to mediate between the Confederates and the United States. The offer refused.

April 1st.—Admiral Farragut with three gunboats passes the Confederate forts at Grand Gulf, Miss.

April 16th.—Admiral Porter, acting under General Grant's orders, succeeds in passing the forts and batteries at Vicksburg at night on the Mississippi River.

April 30th.—General Grant with the Union army crosses the Mississippi River below Vicksburg, Miss.

May 16th.—Battle of Champion Hills, Miss.

May 18th.—Siege of Vicksburg begun by the army under General Grant.

June 3d.—The Confederate army under General Lee enters the State of Pennsylvania.

June 14th and 15th.—Battle of Winchester and defeat of the Union army by the Confederates under General Ewell.

June 24th and 25th.—The Confederate army crosses the Potomac River to invade the Northern States.

June 27th.—They advance to within thirteen miles of Harrisburg, capital of Pennsylvania.

June 27th.—General Meade appointed commander of the Union Army of the Potomac.

July 1st, 2d, and 3d.—Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.; defeat of the Confederate army under General Lee by the Union army.

July 4th.—Capture of Vicksburg by General Grant.

July 8th.—Port Hudson surrenders to the Union army under General Banks.

July 13th to 16th.—Draft riots in New York city.

September 9th.—Chattanooga, Tenn., occupied by the Union army under General Rosecrans.

September 19th and 20th.—Battle of Chickamauga and victory of the Union army.

September 17th.—The President calls for 300,000 men for three years.

November 24th.—Battle of Lookout Mountain and Union victory under General Joe Hooker.

November 29th.—The Confederates under General Longstreet attempt to capture Knoxville, Tenn. They fail and retreat.

1864

February 1st.—The President calls for 500,000 men for three years.

March 10th.—General Grant appointed lieutenant-general commanding all the armies of the Union.

May 4th.—General Grant advances against the enemy with the Army of the Potomac (130,000 men), crossing the River Rapidan in Virginia.

May 5th and 6th.—Battles of the Wilderness under General Grant.

May 10th.—Battle of Spottsylvania Court-House under General Grant.

May 16th to 18th.—Assault on Petersburg (near Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy) under Grant.

May 19th.—The United States war-ship Kearsarge sinks the Confederate cruiser Alabama off the coast of France.

June 7th.—Lincoln again nominated for the presidency by the Republican party at Chicago, the vote being unanimous.

July 12th.—The Confederates try to capture Wash-

